The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XX AUGUST, 1933 No. 8

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XX AUGUST, 1933 No. 8

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 20 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah
Telephone Wasatch 3123

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.25 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c.

The *Magazine* is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

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August

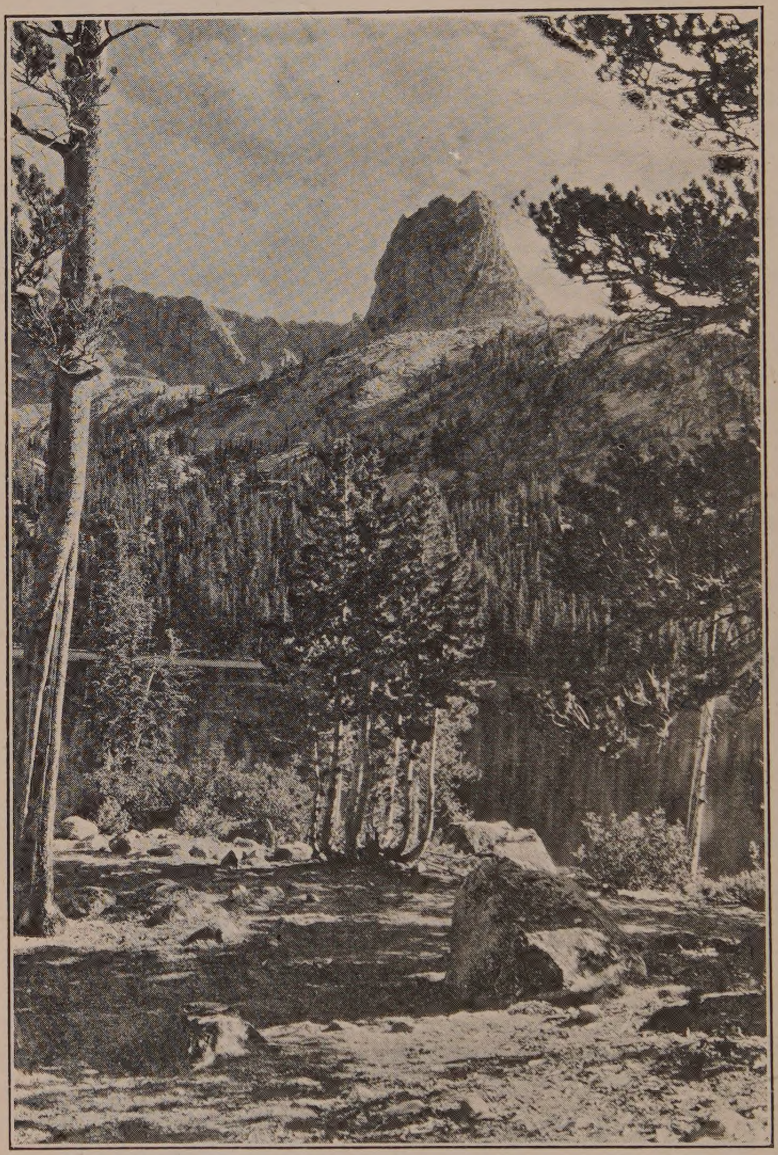
By Ella J. Coulam

Warm, tranquil month of Summer
Play day of the year,
All nature seems to welcome
Your vacation days so dear.

The world is clothed in quietude,
The wind breathes notes of peace.
It seems content to rest a while
And let the mad rush cease.

The lure of lake and canyon,
The heat of noon-day sun
Then shadows gently creeping
And another day is done.

I love to sit and ponder
On a moon-light August night—
It seems to be a clearing house
To set my thoughts aright.



Pictorial California

LAKE GEORGE, CALIFORNIA

THE
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The Trust Supreme

By Judge Nephi Jensen

IN the days of Christ's personal ministry, there lived in Capernaum a most extraordinary man. He was a Centurion. This military officer became deeply impressed with the divine power manifested in the ministry of our Lord.

The Centurion had a beloved servant who became severely afflicted with palsy. At about this time Jesus of Nazareth came to Capernaum. In his great anxiety the officer approached the Lord appealingly.

"My servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented."

"I will come and heal him," responded the Savior, before the Centurion could request him to come and administer to the servant.

This instant offer of divine assistance gave the officer increased confidence and boldness. Emboldened by his awakened faith he implored,

"Speak the word only and my servant shall be healed."

There is unusual power in these simple words. They came from a heart which had been vitalized and transformed by a spiritual energy.

The story reveals the deeper meaning of faith. In this simple narrative we see in action the more-than-human trust in the Unseen Power. This Roman officer was so deeply and intensely awakened spiritually that he could believe that just one word, spoken by the Master, would instantly heal the servant who was sorely afflicted.

HOW could a mere spoken word heal a sick person? The Centurion did not know. His ordinary reason could not tell him. For there is no conceivable direct relationship between an uttered word and the removal of disease from a human body. There is nothing about an expressed word which would lead the ordinary reason to conclude that it will restore health. One who can believe implicitly that a few uttered syllables will bring such tremendous results, gives unmistakable evidence of the possession of an endowment higher than ordinary human understanding. He is able to infer and conclude what halting reason cannot lead him to conclude.

This power, instantly to infer or conclude, without the slow process of reasoning that tremendous results can, and will come from a simple means, that have not apparent relationship to the results desired is the very essence of faith. It is a sort of divine intuition that outstrips the ordinary understanding. One who possesses this rare gift is in a sense a super-man. He is endowed with a power that transcends the most splendid of all intellectual endowments.

ABRAHAM of old possessed in a high degree this spiritual power. He was so stout-hearted that he could believe that if the life of his beloved son, were taken, God could and would instantly raise him to life again. After receiving the promise that, in Isaac, "all nations of the earth should be blessed," he was commanded to offer this son as a sacrifice. With undaunted confidence in God's power, Abraham made all preparation for the offering. The altar was constructed, the wood for the fire gathered and put in place; the sacrifice was placed upon it and the knife was raised to take the precious life. And his hand was not stayed until he heard the angelic injunction; "Lay not thy hand upon the lad."

Abraham unflinchingly met the supreme test of faith. He had the pure soul-strength to believe that God could and would instantly disannul death; and make the lifeless lips speak again. In the language of Paul, the father of the faithful "God was able to raise Isaac from the dead." These are strong words. There is in them the stir and throb of the faith that can triumphantly believe that even death can be turned to life by the edict of Jehovah.

THE faith of Abraham stirred in the heart of the woman of New Testament times who had been afflicted for twelve long years. For twelve years she had suffered untold agony. In her bitter distress she consulted the best doctors of the time in the hope of obtaining relief. She spent her fortune upon physicians but was not healed. Her life was a walking, living, breathing tragedy of pain. One day she stood in the throng as Jesus Christ walked along. She had been told of his beautiful life. She had heard of his tender heart, that throbbed with sympathy for suffering humanity. Moreover, she had been told of the marvelous things he wrought by the power of faith. So when he came just in view of this afflicted woman, her heart was stirred as it had never been stirred before. And in the depths of her awakened soul she cried,

"If I may but touch his garment I shall be whole."

There is beauty, infinite beauty in these words. There is grandeur and sublimity in them. They came from a heart that was pure enough, deep enough, and strong enough to believe that God could instantly heal her body, which had been distressed with pain for twelve years. Moved by her all-prevailing trust, she reached forth her hand and touched just the apparel of the Christ; and instantly a complete change came over her. Strength took the place of weakness in her body. New life came back into her veins and arteries; and the bloom of health came back to her cheeks. She was instantly and completely healed of an affliction from which she had suffered twelve long years!

JAIRUS of New Testament times belongs to the splendid company of those who have the strong soul-fiber to trust in God to the uttermost. The daughter of this noble ruler died. Even after her eyelids were closed by the icy fingers of death, the loving father heroically trusted that she could be called back to life. In his deep sorrow he went to Jesus and worshipped him saying, "My daughter is even now dead; but come and lay thy hands on her and she shall live." There is the throb of tender pathos and the stir of spiritual power in this trusting appeal. This out-calling for divine help came

from a heart that was stout enough to believe that death's cruel sentence can be instantly set aside by the command of sovereign faith.

Jesus could not resist this touching appeal of simple trust. He took the girl by the hand, and by faith's all-compelling command cried,

"Maid arise." And death obeyed the command of the Master of life and death. The dead instantly came to life again.

MARTHA of Bethany is another of the world's renowned women of real faith. Her beloved brother Lazarus took sick of an incurable fever. As the days and nights came and went the scorching fever burned away the life and strength of Lazarus. His sands of life slowly ebbed away. He died. He was taken by the intimate friends of the family and securely buried in a stone tomb. There he lay in the cold sleep of death for four days and nights. Then Jesus came to the home of Martha to offer her consolation in her great sorrow. When he appeared in the dooryard, Martha saw him. The sight of him awakened her soul as it had never been awakened before. And from the depths of her heroic, trusting soul she cried,

"If thou had been here he would not have died."

What did she mean? She meant that if Jesus Christ had been in the sick room when Lazarus was dying of the devouring fever, Jesus could have stood there and spoken one word by the power of his faith and Lazarus would have been instantly healed. She had in her heart even a bigger thought. For before Jesus could enter the house, she cried triumphantly,

"But I know even now whatsoever thou will ask God will give it thee."

What could she mean now? Lazarus was dead. He had been four days in the tomb. She meant that Jesus Christ could walk to the tomb where Lazarus lay in the marble sleep of death and that he could stand there in the presence of the silent tomb and speak one faith-inspired word and death would stand aside, the tomb would give up its tenant, and the dead would live again. Martha meant all of that; and she could mean all of that because in her heart throbbed and stirred the faith that conquers all things.

In obedience to Martha's all-commanding trust, Jesus walked to the tomb where Lazarus lay in the deep slumber of death; and by the power of his imperious faith spoke the death-defying words,

"Lazarus, come forth."

And death was vanquished. The tomb gave up its tenant; and the dead lived again.

This sublime faith is the radiant energy of the religion Jesus Christ taught. As long as this heart-awakening faith remained in the world, the followers of Christ were impelled by a deep, pure love for God, to live lives of simplicity, beauty, and devotion and power. But this pure faith did not persist in the world. It commenced to wane in less than a century and a half after the first introduction of Christianity. The simple heart-purifying religion of the Christians came into contact with the ostentatious sacerdotalism of the Pagan Romans. These Romans had a multiplicity of gods. They erected splendid images to these deities. Before these dazzling images they performed their acts of devotion with spectacular display and outward circumstance. This gorgeous, noisy expression of devotion was quite in contrast with the quiet, simple faith-inspired worship of the Christians. The sacred acts

of these pagans was not only more showy than the Christian prayer of faith; but it was also much more easy to practice than the soul-stirring religion of the Christians. The outward expression of religious ardor is the mere mechanics of worship. It is a very easy thing in comparison with the aroused out-reaching of the soul for intimate fellowship with God.

THE Christians were dazzled by the splendor of paganistic sacerdotalism. They commenced to think that they might add power to their own religion by adopting some of the gorgeous ritualism of the Romans. Moreover, the Pagan Priests accused the Christians of lack of religious ardor because they were so undemonstrative in their expression of devotion. These stinging accusations were effective. They helped to impel the Christians to ape the showy formalism of their neighbors. Gradually the Christians commenced to set up images of Christ, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and the distinguished martyrs. In course of time the practice of performing acts of worship before these images was adopted. This practice formalized prayer and worship. The formalization of prayer made it an outward show instead of a deep, intimate affair between the human heart and God. As a result of this paganization of Christianity, simple, heart-stirring faith was undermined.

Moreover, the practice of worshipping before images transferred the thought of the supplicants from God to the spirits represented by the images. Out of this transferred thought to spirits in the other world came the practice of praying to these spirits instead of praying to God. In time the belief became established that by praying to spirits of dead martyrs and Apostles, these worthies would intercede with God in behalf of the earthly supplicants. The result was that the idea of God became mystified; and Christians commenced to regard him as a formless spirit, diffused everywhere and nowhere in particular. This mystification of the idea of God finished the deadly work of destroying the simple, vital faith of the first Christians.

The destruction of this soul-vitalizing faith marked the end of religion of soul-purifying and transforming power. Mechanical prayer by rote took the place of the spontaneous appeal of the faith-inspired heart. Formalized worship, expressed in gorgeous ritualistic display, supplanted heartfelt worship in spirit and in truth. Soon unnatural asceticism dissipated the energy that could more profitably have been used in socializing enterprises. Superstition took the place of faith; and error displaced the truth.

BUT a new day has dawned. A new dispensation of the gospel has been ushered in. With this gospel restoration has come a revival of the simple all-trusting faith which was the glory of the first age of Christianity. This faith is the throbbing life and power in the religion of the Latter-day Saints.

It would require volumes to tell even half of the stories of the modern triumphs of faith. There is only space here for two. A few years ago two young missionaries of the Church called to see a woman who had been a confirmed, bed-fast invalid for years. With real trusting faith she requested the Elders to administer to her. The senior Elder anointed, and the junior sealed the anointing. It way his first experience and he haltingly stumbled through the ceremony. When he concluded, the senior asked,

"Haven't you faith to command her to rise?"

"Yes, I have faith," responded the younger with real assurance.

He laid his hands upon the afflicted woman a second time, and with the all-conquering faith that stirred within him he commanded her to rise. She was immediately healed; and rose and ministered to the Elders.

In November, 1930, a Sister Shumway was confined in a hospital in Gallup, New Mexico. The child died, and the mother contracted blood poison. The husband was notified by wire to come to the hospital, because the surgeon was about to amputate the wife's leg as a last desperate effort to save her life. The husband requested a prayer meeting to be called in his ward and then hastened to the bedside of his wife.

Upon his arrival at the hospital the doctors informed him that there was no hope of saving the woman's life without the amputation. "There is hope," said the husband with astonishing assurance. He asked for permission for the Elders to administer to the afflicted woman. Permission was granted. After the administration the doctor found that the leg was completely healed. The doctors and nurses left the room in amazement.

This Brother Shumway met the supreme test of faith. He stood in the presence of a critically afflicted wife and heard the man of science positively aver, "There is no hope." And in spite of the finality of the conclusion of medical science he could heroically say, "There is hope."

In this new dispensation of the gospel, devout souls who have been awakened to the reality of God and His power and goodness, have witnessed all the marvels that characterized the true Faith of the first age of the Christian religion. In our age, diseases that baffled the skill of the best physicians have yielded to the healing power of undoubting faith. The deaf have been made to hear and the blind have been made to see. Even the dead have been restored to life again. Thousands of Saints can bear truthful testimony to these gracious manifestations of divine power, in obedience to the humble prayer of trusting faith.

These Saints belong to a distinct and unique class of mortals. Aye, they are more than human. They possess a power that is akin to omnipotence. What is wealth, fame, or even distinguished talents in comparison with this strength of strength, this life of life? Their is majesty, grandeur, and glory in the hallowed lives of these trusting souls. No wonder the Apostle concluded that God has chosen the "rich in faith to be heirs of his Kingdom."

My Star

By Helen M. Livingston

A star shines in my path so bright
It lights my way both day and night.
The wisemen will not see it though
The shepherds may not ever know.
But all along its lighted way
I walk with joy. Then some glad day
Within my arms my babe shall rest
And nestle sweetly to my breast.

The Morrell Tribe

By Elsie C. Carroll

WHEN Marian Janis married Hal Morrell, everybody predicted trouble. Not that Marian and Hal didn't think the world of each other. It was their families: Hal was a Morrell.

Judge Janis, Marian's father, was a paragon of industry and thrift. Pals of his boyhood days sometimes hinted that these characteristics were acquired—through the vigorous encouragement of his wife; but be that as it may, the two chief principles in Henry Janis' religion were Work and Save. Mary Janis, Marian's mother, was conceded to be the best housekeeper in Norton; she could make the best yeast roll, the best sponge cake; she hung out the whitest washing—And thereby hangs this tale.

The Morrell's had wheezed into Norton nine years before in a dilapidated Ford. There had been five of them then: Daniel, his wife Kate, Hal, a lad of fourteen, Kitty four and baby Rose. The Community Welfare Organization had carried food and blankets to them, and had arranged for their temporary lodging in the old Drake Place until the November blizzard should have spent itself, and until "Methuselah," the Ford, could be put in running condition once more. And there they were, "still camping," as Mrs. Janis herself had scornfully put it, "nine years afterwards."

And now there were nine of them instead of five, the twins, Joy and Joyce, Sunny and Babe having arrived at intervals since that day nine years before when Daniel had announced to the group of loafers on Kirk's Corner that he found Norton a tol'able likable place and as Katie had been coaxin' him to settle down fer quite a spell, he reckoned as how they had about decided they might make Norton their home.

If the Morrells had ever received an inkling that the citizenry of Norton was not delighted with their decision to become part of it, they did not let such a trifle worry them. They were not the worrying kind. Life was too full of things to enjoy and rejoice over to give time for worrying.

Though the Morrells lacked most of the necessities of life, they had a knack of acquiring a few of the luxuries, and they had a capacity for enjoying what they had, and of not worrying about what they didn't have, which furnished the gossips of Norton an unending fund of conversational material. For instance, the Morrells were musical, and their first purchase in Norton from the small amount they had received from "Methuselah" when they decided to make Norton the end of their wanderings, was a beautiful accordion —"and that" according to Miss Mehitable Jennings, secretary of the Community Welfare, "while we were still carrying food to them; while they were still sleeping in our blankets!"

While that accordion may have seemed a foolish extravagance to the sane and sensible inhabitants of Norton, to the Morrells it filled a need of their beings quite as much as did the food and the blankets of the Community Welfare. For as Katie Morrell was wont to recount in their a-little-less-lean years after that first one in Norton, "Sure an'

there was many a time we didn't have enough to eat, but Dan'el 'ud play us a tune on that beautiful accordion an' we'd go to bed happy."

IN due time as Daniel found odd jobs sharpening scissors and lawn mowers, and tinkering sewing machines, and as the sturdy Hal became a permanent employee of Lowden's Furniture and Music Store, other luxuries found their way into the Drake shack to take their place beside the rickety chairs and beds, the rusty stove, the goods-box cupboard, and the accordion. There were banjos and ukuleles, and in time, a piano—this long before there was an easy chair or a decent mirror—and tennis rackets, and fishing tackle, a canary, two oil paintings—one a fine landscape by the celebrated La Roche, that would have given distinction to any home in Norton—an abundance of magazines, and a radio.

Of course Norton had talked each time one of the nonessentials had been added. They talked of the shiftlessness and thriftlessness of Daniel who would leave a job any day to accept a fishing invitation; of Katie who could leave unwashed dishes, and unswept floors any time to go to a musical or a circus parade, who had no regular days for washing, ironing, mending and baking; who never failed during the warm, pleasant days of early spring and summer, when other housewives were submerged in house-cleaning and spring sewing and early canning, to trail off with her brood several times a week to the woods, or river's edge, a magazine under one arm and a paper bag filled with sandwiches under the other, and spend long, precious hours.

Norton talked:

And one of the most scathing voices in Norton's talk was that of Mary Janis.

"How any woman on earth with a family can do such things," she would remark over her prim, vine-covered back fence to Mehitable Jennings, "beats me. When we were first married, the Judge used to want to always be going places and doing foolish things, but he soon learned that if we were to get ahead and keep the house going as it ought to we had to make a business of business and housekeeping. Why they say that woman will sit right down on the floor and play games with her children, the dirty dishes still on the table, and not a bed in the house made up. The thing that really worries me is the influence such people are bound to have in the community. Other children are going there.—Why, the other day my Marian went right into that hovel—that boy Hal wanted to show her a contraption he'd made so he could play the banjo and mouth-organ at the same time—and she actually seems to think the way they live is all right."

Mrs. Janis had so spoken on and off during the first few of the nine years after the coming of the Morrell tribe. If on such occasions it could have been revealed to her through some occult process that her Marian was to marry a Morrell, she would doubtless have succumbed to instant shock.

But the community had gradually become accustomed to the Morrells, long before the serious courtship of Marian and Hal commenced. And Hal had won his way with his music and his genial personality into the hearts of the people. Of course the remark, "What a shame he's a Morrell," still passed current along

with the really fine things that were continuously being said of him.

From general office boy in Lowden's store, Hal had risen to manager of the Music Department. He had taken on polish and responsibility amazingly, and had tried to polish the other members of his family. He had endeavored to replace the rickety furniture; to remodel and paint the rambling old house; to mend fences and out-buildings. But somehow the improvements he attempted didn't seem to make much difference in the general appearance of the old Drake place. And when it came to making over his happy-go-lucky father and mother—that was even more impossible. And while he was often embarrassed by his family, and sometimes deeply ashamed, he was genuinely loyal, and loved them, perhaps without knowing it, for the very qualities he was trying to change.

TO be sure it had been a profound shock to Judge and Mary Janis, as well as to the whole town, when Marian revealed that she was in love with Hal Morrell and wanted to marry him. Her father and mother had known that he had been admitted to Marian's crowd, and had discussed this fact one night after the crowd had been entertained at their home. They had felt virtuous because of their broad-mindedness.

"He is a likable young chap," the Judge had conceded. "Seemed to be the life of the party, didn't he? And Lowden says he's developing into an A-1 business man."

"But it's too bad he's a Morrell. Of course," admitted Mary, "we can't very well tell Marian that she can't invite him here when that's all there is against him; but Henry you just ought to see the washings his mother hangs out. Why her sheets and pillow-cases are the color of buckskin—and her towels and dish-towels—" words failed Mary Janis, but her expression proclaimed the hanging out of dingy towels and dish-towels to be the unpardonable sin.

"Well, now if that was all—," the Judge had remonstrated, "it wouldn't be so much to worry about; you always have put too much stock in little things like that. It's his father's shiftlessness that gets me. Only last week we had him up adjusting the typewriters in the offices and by George, if he didn't leave us without a machine we could work and go off fishing with Lem Keller."

Finally, after the smoke of the battle following Marian's revelation had cleared; when Judge and Mary Janis, because they wanted their girl's happiness more than anything else in the world, had given with reluctance and a well-defined feeling of martyrdom, their consent to the marriage, and had grudgingly admitted young Hal to the freedom of the house as the fiance of their daughter, there followed, up until the day of the wedding, a series of conscientious efforts on the part of Mary to train her future son-in-law in some of the essential habits that had been so woefully neglected by his own mother. For instance, when Marian and Hal would come in from a game of tennis and he would unceremoniously throw his hat on the library table and drop his racket and balls on the davenette, Mary would make it a point to take the hat immediately to the hall tree, and to place the tennis balls and racket on a shelf provided for such things in the entry. When he would finish singing or playing, and would leave his music scattered promiscuously on the piano and chairs, she would im-

mediately gather it up and put it away.

It had taken Hal a little while "to catch on" that he was being watched and trained; but one day the significence of Mary's movements dawned upon him. He had flushed with embarrassment, but as soon as he got hold of himself he had smiled and said with his disarming frankness, "Thanks, Mrs. Janis. I'll learn."

Marian in her new joy, had not been cognizant of this little side play of her mother's, and when Hal was gone she had asked the meaning of his remark.

"He's really got wits," her mother had responded, "so maybe you can train him. I didn't think at first he would catch on. You'll simply have to keep after him, though, I can see that, to break him of those horrid slipshod Morrell habits. Why he was actually about to put his feet up on the window seat this afternoon; but he caught me looking at him just in time. It's not going to be easy, but you'll have it to do now you've decided to marry him."

Marian had flushed with anger. "Mother how could you?" What crime would it have been even if he had put his feet on the window seat? You will make him so he will dread to come here. His mother doesn't make them feel that the house is too good to live in."

"No, I should say not," scorned Mary Janis. "I'm just trying to help you, Marian. You've no idea what a trial you're going to have civilizing that boy— O, I know he's got a lot of fine qualities. If he didn't have your father and I just couldn't have given our consent to your marrying him. We've always looked forward to your happiness as the biggest thing in our lives, Marian. Hal's a nice boy, as I said, but he's a Morrell and there's a lot of savage in that tribe yet."

"Mother, I'll not listen even to you talk about Hal's folks like that. They're different; but they're not savages. They know how to have the best times—I wish—I—love every one of them," and Marian had flounced from the room, while her mother with a sigh and a shake of her head had gone to get the dustpan and whisk broom. There was the unmistakable outline of a dusty footprint on the toupe rug.

MARIAN and Hal were to be married the first week in June. After their honeymoon they would set up housekeeping in a little three-roomed cottage two blocks from the old Drake place. The Judge made them a present of an electric range, and Mary bought and made the window drapes and chose the rugs. Through his connection with the furniture store, Hal received excellent terms on a living room suite and some bed room furniture. The little house would be as cosy and tasteful as any bridal pair could wish.

As Marian's mother was helping to hang the last window drape three days before the wedding, she remarked:

"I'm afraid you're going to have trouble keeping Hal's folks in their place. His mother was over here while you were gone to the store. She brought some junk of some kind—set it right on top of that polished library table. I could hardly hold my tongue until she had gone."

Marian flushed

"What was it? Where did you put it? Why didn't she wait?"

"O, it was a picture, I believe she said. She thought you'd like it—Made it a point that she was giving

it to *you* particularly. It's wrapped up in a newspaper—I shoved it there in the bedroom closet. She did wait awhile, but when I got the broom and swept up the lose grass she'd tracked in, she said she guessed she'd have to go and come over later."

"Mother! You—you didn't do that—to Hal's Mother?"

"I swept up that trash after Katie Morrell. I imagine if you give them any encouragement at all, they'll be here messing up the place all the time. You'll have to be strict right from the start—let them know you're a housekeeper—though goodness knows they have never known what that word means."

Marian opened her lips to speak, but closed them again and went to the bedroom closet. A moment later a cry of delight issued through the half closed door.

"Mother—just see what Hal's Mother brought me—her lovely painting by La Roche. See. Mother—I told you about it—isn't it beautiful! And to think she—gave it to—me," there was a little catch in Marian's voice. "It was the most beautiful—almost the only—beautiful thing she had."

"Well, of all the incongruities," Mary Janis exclaimed looking with begrudging admiration at the masterpiece of art. "A picture like that in their old hovel!"

"But, Mother, I keep telling you it isn't—a hovel. It's a—home—one of the happiest homes I have ever seen. I tell you Hal's folks—are—why they're wonderful, in spite of all the horrid things folks say of them. I wouldn't hurt them for the world." She was about to say more, but seemed to think better of it.

"Now look here, Marian," Mary Janis looked at her daughter severely. "You ought to realize that it was a very hard thing for your father and me to consent to your marrying into a family like the Morrells." Her voice almost broke then. "If it wasn't that you are so dear to us, Marian, and that we have been living always for your happiness—we just couldn't have done it. Now wait a minute—let me finish. We haven't anything against Hal—with right training he'll make a man; but the rest of the tribe—surely you can realize Marian, that you can't take them in and chum with them as you could—other folks. I'm just warning you and trying to help you before it is too late. If you once give them a chance—they'll be like the camel—they'll be in all over. Nobody would expect you to put up with the Morrells. Why even Hal ought to be able to understand the difference between your training and his; your folks and his—and want you to keep up to the standards I've always tried to teach you."

Marian bit her lip and winked her dark eyelashes very rapidly as she tried the oil painting in different spaces on the wall.

IT was the second week after Marian and Hal had returned from their honeymoon. It was Monday and mid-forenoon. Mary Janis had finished her washing hours before. The long line of snowy clothes which had gone through the traditional process of being sorted, and soaked, and boiled, and run through the washer, and scrubbed on the board, and boiled again and sudsed, and twice rinsed, and starched,—fluttered arrogantly in the gentle June breeze as if aware of the fact that they represented one of the prides of Mary Janis' heart—the recognized concession that she put out the whitest (and it might be

added, the earliest) washing in Norton. They would soon be gathered in and dampened down preparatory to the early Tuesday ironing; but Mary decided that she would have time before gathering in the clothes and starting dinner, to run down to Marian's with a piece of the sponge cake left over from yesterday, and to see how Marian was getting on. She would be washing of course—or through. Her mother wasn't sure she had told her just how to cleanse and settle the water to be used for boiling the clothes.

Mary reflected as she walked along the street that she had probably not given her daughter enough responsibility in the home; that she had not emphasized sufficiently the correct way of doing things. She could see that now, and she must try to make up in helpful advice for the things she had failed to do before. It had always been so much easier for her to do things herself—just letting Marian help—then she had known they were done right, and had not had to argue with the girl that thus and so was the only correct way.

She wondered if Hal's folks had been over again. It had been terrible when she and the Judge had dropped in a few evenings ago. The whole bunch there, singing and shouting and pulling things about. She was just sure that insufferable little Sunny had scratched the orthophonic with a dirty stick he had brought in. Marian simply must make them know that this was her home and it must be respected as such and regulated in a way they knew nothing about. But her girl puzzled her. Why, she seemed actually to be fond of Hal's fat little frowsy mother—called her "Mom" and laughed at her silly joking with the children. Mary Janis would not admit that she was jealous, but she had been conscious of a queer twinge when Marian had kissed Katie Morrell good bye that night and had urged her to come again.

She wondered as she neared the little cottage just how she was going to be able to make Marian realize that she simply could not afford for her future happiness and peace of mind, to treat Hal's folks in such a friendly way.

SHE turned the corner of the last block. Yes, Marian had been washing; her clothes could be seen through the lilac bushes which half screened the cottage. Suddenly Mary Janis stopped. The line of clothes had come into full view. An involuntary groan escaped her, and she clapped her free hand over her eyes to shut out the sickening sight. In the soft June breeze there fluttered Marian's white, embroidered sheets and pillow slips, a nightgown, a snowy table-cloth and half dozen napkins, three bath towels, some hand-hemmed tea towels and then—horrors! Two shirts—the color of—"buckskin" was inadequate (all the white background washed out), a pair of grimy pajamas, a couple of pairs of earth-colored B. V. D's and a string of light tan handkerchiefs. For several seconds Marian's mother stood as if paralyzed. What if someone should pass! However could Marian have done such a thing as to hang those clothes out—for the whole town to see. She should have dried them inside; she should have burned them and made Hal get a new supply.

Finally Mary Janis recovered sufficiently to take another step toward the house. Where were the colored clothes? Surely Marian was through washing before this time of day. O, she should have been more

thorough in her training. Girls of today just did not seem to take on things as they used to in her day. Her mother had never had to impress her with the fact that the washing should always be done on Monday; that it was best to get up a few hours earlier and get it out of the way. She had seemed to know such things instinctively.—But Marian—somehow she couldn't understand the girl's lack of interest in such important things.

She opened the gate and started up the walk. What was that noise? The phonograph! People laughing and talking! Heavens, the Morrell tribe! Surely not in the middle of the forenoon and washday.

She went around to the kitchen—It was one of Mary Janis' principles not to trapse through the front part of the house unnecessarily, tracking in extra dirt. What did a few extra steps amount to?

She opened the door without knocking just as Marian exclaimed, "O, Mom, you're a regular darling to think of it!

On the threshold Mary Janis stood still, that queer twinge clutching at her throat again. Marian's voice had sounded so intimate and happy.

At the cabinet Katie Morrell stood spreading thick slices of bread with deviled ham; at the kitchen table Marian was filling a fruit jar with potato salad; at the sink Hal's sister Kitty was cleaning a bunch of green onions. From the other room came the jazz from the phonograph to which the twins, dressed up in a couple of Marian's house dresses and with some of Hal's ties for head decorations, were improvising a dance. In the corner of the kitchen by the stove, stood a tub of cold suds beside which lay a little heap of colored garments.

At the look on her Mother's face, Marian's had gone white. The hand that held the spoonful of salad began to tremble. She felt her mouth go hot and dry.

There was a pulsing silence.

And then a new look leaped into Marian's appealing brown eyes. She laid the spoon back in the dish and took a step forward with a brave effort to smile casually and to keep her guilty look from straying toward the corner where the tub stood.

"Why—hello—Mother! You're —through washing—I guess. I'm——I'm—so glad you—came over. Mom Morrell came down a little while ago to tell me that Sunny had come up from the store and said Hal was going in the company car over to Granville. S—so we—we thought it would be nice to fix a lunch and go with him for a—a little—picnic. It's such a lovely day and we'll stop there at Glenn Falls and eat, then play around until Hal comes back this afternoon. I've always—just loved to—I've always thought it—would be such fun—to do things like that. You—see I—I can easy do those few—coloreds out in the morning and get the ironing done too." She had stopped several times to moisten her lips, and she had tried in vain to bring her eyes directly to her mother's agonized face. "Would —wouldn't you—won't you come and go along with us, Mother?" She couldn't look at her mother so she took up the salad spoon again. The seconds that followed seemed an eternity.

AS Mary Janis read the misery in her daughter's face, the struggle between what she wanted to do and what she thought she should do, as she realized Marian's agony, and interpreted aright that choking twinge in her own breast, something snapped within her and her

vision seemed to clear. Like a flash little things Henry had said at different times during the years of their married life seemed to come to her with new significance; things she had said about Katie Morrell's slipshod housekeeping and Marian's hints that there was a difference between housekeeping and homemaking. Like a flash a new set of standards loomed up beside her own traditional ones—and she at least could understand.

The misery on Marian's face was too much! She wanted her girl to be happy! Of that one thing she was very sure. She wanted to be happy herself.

"Why, yes, Marian," Mary Janis heard herself saying in a voice that didn't sound quite natural. "I—I—believe I would like to go with you. I wish I had brought more of that cake—but—why we can go by the house and get it and some cold veal and tomatoes I have in the refrigerator. I'll telephone your father to go to the cafeteria for his lunch." What did those grimy clothes out on the line—what did anything matter compared to keeping the love of her girl?

Marian looked up joyfully, unbelievingly. She tried to speak but couldn't. Mary Janis understood, and rolling up her sleeves she said:

"Can't I help you with those sandwiches, Mrs. Morrell?" and she took her place at the other woman's side.

For a little bit Marian sat limply on the edge of the kitchen table and stared. She moistened her dry lips and tried to believe. She felt as she had once dreamed she felt when it seemed that the world had come to an end, but mixed with the feeling now was a happiness new and sweet.

LEVI COX, ELEANOR A. COX AND THEIR FAMILY
The picture was taken on the day they had been married 46 years.

Your Home Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

Furniture—Its Selection and Arrangement

WITH the background correct we are a long way on the road to the creation of a beautiful room, but unless we select the right furniture and arrange it correctly our efforts will have been largely wasted.

Furniture has a very vital influence on our lives. Perhaps in no other way do we so definitely express our personality as in the selection of movables which go into our homes. And the sort of things that are chosen will have a tremendous effect on the culture and character of those who must live with them.

There are many delightful things to be had today, as well as many which are vulgar and of little real worth or beauty. The great secret of a successful result lies in finding the right thing, which, going into the making of your home will have a true relationship to the whole and to each of its parts. With careful choosing authentic design, delightful furniture, may be yours at moderate cost—yours may be the deep satisfaction of owning things truly fine.

The selection of furniture is at once an enjoyable, yet a difficult task. It is not only necessary that we buy what is beautiful in line and color, and suitable to the room it is to occupy, but it must be durable as well —its beauty must be more than "skin deep." Unless one is an expert in judging quality the safest thing to do is buy of a reliable manufacturer. Good upholstered furniture, for instance, is expensive to make and it therefore cannot be bought at "bargain prices." It is wise economy to spend money for constructive merit as well as for decorative features. If your means are limited and you wish a chair or couch, it is better to have the interior, the springs and the upholstery of the best, and covered with denim or burlap, than to buy a beautifully covered chair of questionable workmanship. It can be used with slip covers of chintz or cretonne until at some future date your budget will permit covering with a really fine fabric.

When buying furniture for your home the first thing to be done is to analyze carefully the room in which it is to be used to determine the dominating lines and the nature of the furniture required. Your background is determined and the wall spaces fixed. These facts influence the type of furniture. The size of the room is the first thing to consider. If the room is small, large tables, huge overstuffed pieces and massive chests do not belong there. If you will refer to article one you will find this subject of scale treated at greater length.

The architectural style of your room must be considered if your furniture is to be in harmony. Delicate Sheraton or Louis XVI furniture would be as unsuited to a room with rough texture walls and beamed ceilings as would sturdy oak furniture be in a room with painted panelled walls or dainty Colonial wallpaper.

In a room with a high ceiling the

major pieces of furniture should be tall, and in a low room use more horizontal articles, chairs, tables, sofas, etc.

There are many types of furniture from which to choose and one may get lost in a maze of uncertainty. These four essentials may be used as guides:—authoritative design, harmonious fabrics, inviting comfort and inner integrity. Furniture for the average home should be simple in design and upholstery. Ornately carved pieces and massive furniture are at home only in rooms that are ornate or impressive. Care must also be taken that the furniture is in scale, not only with the room, as already mentioned, but with other articles to be used in the same room.

The general contour of the furniture should be related. That is the majority of the pieces should have the same general shape and size. Furniture of straight lines gives greater emphasis to a room than curved, — it gives a feeling of strength and decisiveness and so is particularly appropriate to a man's room. Curved furniture lacks the appearance of strength, rather it gives an impression of frivolity and is more suited to a boudoir. However, curved furniture needs an accent of straight lines. Care must be exercised in combining straight and curved lines in furniture in the same room. The transition is best made by having one or two pieces containing both curved and straight lines, for example a chair with curved lines in the seat or on the back and straight legs. Or in the furnishings of a room a repetition of a curved or straight line as in a picture frame, rug, stair rail or step may be carried out, giving an admirable result that cannot be achieved in any other way.

PEOPLE are using Period Furniture in their homes now to a greater extent than they have done for many years. They have found that the styles of the past have a beauty that has never been approached by modern designers. It is not necessary nor even desirable that one period be strictly adhered to in a room, but in a harmonious composition of furniture of agreeable styles from different epochs and different countries lies the real art of correct furnishing. Care must be taken though that each piece agrees perfectly in scale, line, color and texture with the others. In an article of this length it would be impossible to go into the fascinating story of Period Furniture, although I may do so at some later date. However, as an illustration of the point just mentioned I will give an example: Sheraton furniture is a delicate, mostly straight line style with slender supports and framing and made of mahogany with inlays of satinwood on some of the pieces. Hepplewhite furniture, also largely made of mahogany is a slender, well-proportioned style, characterized by curves rather than straight lines. The furniture of Duncan Phyfe—the greatest of American furniture designers, influenced by Sheraton and Hepplewhite, as well as the Empire styles—is featured by slenderness, reeding and combines lightness with strength. He used the pedestal leg and adaptations of the scroll. This furniture too was made almost exclusively of mahogany.

The furniture of all these designers, (along with some of Chippendale's), of different yet almost contemporary periods would combine to make a perfectly furnished Georgian or Late Colonial room. Queen Anne and William and Mary furni-

ture harmonize when used together. And the rectilinear furniture of the Renaissance—English, French, Italian or Spanish—would not conflict if used in one room. Early Colonial reproductions, French Provincial and other Peasant furniture are very smart and especially suitable to the small home.

IN talking of furniture one is immediately confronted with three terms. To help you in distinguishing between them it might be well to give the following definitions:

An antique is a very old piece that may be traced down to its origin. Its chief value is sentimental, not practical. They are very expensive to buy. If you happen to own one you are lucky.

A reproduction is an exact copy of some fine old piece. It is the wiser thing to buy a good reproduction than an antique.

An adaptation is a piece that has been adapted from the original to fit some modern use. It is not according to period, but sometimes very satisfactory.

ONE of the first things a person must decide when buying furniture is whether to buy sets or to buy a piece at a time. Do not buy sets for in so doing you lose your individuality. I would like to emphasize this point. Buying suites is easier, it is true, and hence used by people of few ideas and no artistic feeling. As a result we find many houses with a standardized appearance, completely lacking in charm. "More and more people of taste and refinement are getting away from the idea of the one-pattern, one-wood, complete matching set."

In all but the more expensive suites every piece is of the same design, with the same kind of leg, curves and ornamentation. A varied collection, merged into a harmonious assemblage is more desirable and is often found in the better sets. The chief value a set has is that each piece scales in with the others and agrees in design and color; people who haven't the ability to choose articles that harmonize in style and scale had better choose a set to be safe. Otherwise the only room in which a set is excusable is the dining room and even here to have, for instance, a Duncan Phyfe table with Hepplewhite chairs and sideboard would be more interesting than all of one type.

When tempted by a sale, for example, of bedroom suites of eight or ten pieces, remember that most bedrooms are too small to hold so many articles without a crowded appearance. Too, your room will not really express your personality. Better to use the same amount of money and buy one or two really fine articles and makeshift with home products as a flounced dressing table and old chairs painted or covered with chintz. When, finally, it is finished you will be glad it was not done in an ordinary manner at first.

HERE are a few points regarding furniture that may aid you in your choice.

1. Do not buy furniture that has meaningless curves, scrolls, and grill-work. As far as possible ornament should be structural. Buy only pieces that show moderation, temperance and restraint in the use of decorative motifs.

2. A chest of drawers is better looking without an attached mirror. The arms holding it can easily be removed and the mirror hung separately by a wire or cord.

3. The attractiveness of fine furniture lies in the beauty of its soft, subdued luster. Never buy pieces with a shiny finish.

4. The articles should be well-proportioned, every part in perfect scale relationship to every other part. Do not choose an article with any feature unduly prominent.

5. If the household budget does not permit the purchase of good upholstered furniture wicker is an excellent choice. It can be left natural, stained, or painted and will make a most charming room.

6. In choosing overstuffed furniture do not choose the large, clumsy sort. Thin arms and part of the frame exposed usually results in a better looking article.

7. To achieve variety yet unity in your room let the covering of the different articles be of different fabrics in related colors, some plain, some with pattern, according to how much pattern is used in the other furnishings.

8. Do not use golden oak or bright red mahogany furniture which cannot be made to harmonize with anything.

Often one is confronted with the question as to whether or not it is correct to use different woods in the same room. It is very difficult to achieve a really interesting and distinctive result if the furniture is made of only one wood. It is monotonous and smacks too much of a set. Sometimes a piece of painted or lacquer furniture is effective used with walnut or mahogany. Maple pieces may vary in tone and are really more charming. In a room furnished in antique mahogany occasional artcles of walnut, satinwood or maple may be used. Never mix red or brown mahogany. Maple, pine and light walnut go well together. Oak and walnut of nearly the same tone harmonize, but never oak and mahogany. Be sure when combining any two woods that there is a kinship in style, that they are of the same dull finish and that there are no extremes in tone value.

Finally select furnishings that have been inspired by the most beautiful of the old things, that you too may have in your home that illusive charm of the homes of our forefathers. Of the modern choose the best, the loveliest, and, of course, the convenience and comfort of the new. Combining these two qualities, your home will be delightful.

If you are going to buy furniture it is just as easy and no more expensive to choose good lines as to be satisfied with common things. The rule to observe when furnishing a small home is to choose simple articles and have few of them, but select with such care that each is the best of its kind. An excellent plan is to buy a piece at a time and spread the joy of furnishing your home over a longer period.

THE next problem after the furniture is selected is how to arrange it best in your rooms. This arrangement will be controlled by traffic, convenience and comfort. The floors and walls establish the horizontal and vertical boundry lines for the furniture and all the larger pieces should be set parallel with these lines. Chairs may take the position that is comfortable and natural when in use.

Furniture should be placed for use. Interesting groups insure an enjoyable room. Furniture is made to be used and a piece alone is of no value. Rooms that have the livable quality so much sought after in decoration observe this rule. Chairs are grouped for conversation, lights

placed for use. A chair and lamp are at the desk. Chairs for listeners are near the piano or radio. A table is near the chair to hold a book or magazine. If people cannot use a room without leaving it in confusion, then it has not been arranged for use by proper grouping of furniture. The groups should also be related to each other and be so distributed throughout the room that there is a sensed rhythm in the arrangement.

There are certain focal spots in every room for grouping furniture —the fireplace, in front of a large window or between two windows, the wall space opposite the fireplace or any other large wall space, which should have some center of interest.

An excellent arrangement at the fireplace is to have two small couches, one on each side, with perhaps a table at one end. Or a couch may be on one side and a chair and table on the other, or two chairs and a small table. If the room is small an easy chair on either side of the fireplace would be better. A desk or table may be placed between two windows with a chair at each end. A low bookcase with reading chair, table and light form a comfortable group, one which would fit a corner successfully. Never put furniture diagonally across the corner as it violates the principle of structural unity. A tea table and chair, a corner cupboard, a wing or barrel chair or other group of furniture give a decidedly better effect.

THE problem of balance was taken up in the first article. A few points might be repeated. Do not have the heavy pieces of furniture all in one end or side of the room. Opposite sides of any center point must have an equal weight of effect, either by having both sides treated alike, resulting in formal balance, or with different articles so arranged they give a balanced effect. If there is a fireplace and no architectural feature on the opposite wall it will be necessary to use a large piece of furniture there to balance it.

Do not have pieces all of one height. Combine the high and low in balanced groups on opposite sides of the room. Or if you do not have high pieces use a built-up group—that is a table, console or desk, with picture, mirror or tapestry above.

Do not have a table in the center of the room except in the dining room. A good arrangement for a table is to have one end against the wall, the other projecting out into the room. Chairs may be placed on either side. It is not necessary, however, that all furniture be against the wall except in halls. Furniture may be set in the room as long as it does not interfere with traffic. Chairs and stools should never be set in front of doors, cupboards, bookcases, etc., nor in a position where people must stumble over them or move them out of the way. If the window is one that opens it should not have furniture in front of it. In any case a built-up window is bad practice. A dressing table set in front of a window or in a window recess is allowable.

Large articles of furniture set out into the room must follow the lines of the room. For instance a sofa or couch set in front of a fireplace needs to be straight in front or at right angles to the fireplace. A long table may be placed behind the sofa.

If you have an especially lovely piece of furniture put it in an important place. "Play it up."

AND last, but perhaps the most important of all is do not overcrowd. "Emptiness is a preferable fault." Do not be afraid of empty space. It lends repose and dignity. Be sure you know what you want in a particular place before you buy it. If your rooms do not breathe that gracious atmosphere so much desired try eliminating some of your furniture and other objects and rearranging the others. It may be all that is needed.

Do not attempt forced or unnatural effects. Despise the artificial —tolerate only the sincere. Remember always that simplicity is the keynote of all art.

The dweller in the small house or apartment has another problem that he must meet—space saving. Dual purpose furniture meets this requirement, davenports or daybeds, (saving an extra bed), or a gateleg or living room table that can be extended for use as a dining table. Use chests, highboys, sideboards, chests of drawers and other furniture for storage. In a small house or apartment it is wise to keep the background neutral throughout to give an effect of space. And above all keep the furniture small in scale or you will feel that either you or the furniture must move out.

Is yours a welcoming house? If not, make it so—make it look like a home in which people lived and enjoyed living. Is the furniture in your rooms selected and arranged for beauty and convenience? If so, your home will be one to which people love to come and from which they are loath to go.

Next Month: Renovated and Painted Furniture.

(If any reader desires help on personal decorating problems and will write to me at 187 East 7th North, Provo, Utah, I will be happy to help you. If you will send the plan of your room or home and the exposure and tell me what furniture you have on hand and what you are going to buy, if any, I will sketch your room for you, with suggestions as to the placing of furniture, etc. I will also be glad to give personal advice on the selection of furniture. Send stamped, addressed envleope.)

ST. MARY'S LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

Memories*

By Nellie O. Parker, Assisted by Emmaretta G. Brown and Irma Felt Bitner

Directions

"Memories" was written and arranged for use with radio or a public address system.

The musical backgrounds, preferably organ should syncronize with the accompanying idea and be of about thirty seconds duration, gradually fading in and out.

The characters should be selected for the strength of the impersonation. Be careful to have no one double, since that destroys the realism, and is easily detected.

In the episode of Emma and Joseph and the Murdock babies, care should be taken to not overdo the arrival of the mob. As Joseph opens the door, the men speak harshly, with Joseph answering, and as door closes noise ceases. Radio technique is used throughout. The organist, the readers and those singing the chorus, "The Spirit of God like a Fire is Burning," should all be in the same room unseen by the audience.

A suggested musical prelude is "Memories", with a visible chorus singing, "Onward" as the Finale.

Where a public address system is not available, "Memories" may be revamped to suit local conditions. For instance—Grandmother and Molly might be seated in front of a drop curtain, a floor lamp near, and the different episodes take place back of the drop, either visible or otherwise. If visible the scenes would of necessity have to be enacted. If not visible the voices would have to be projected carefully to similate a radio.

Announcer: On this the ninety-first anniversary of the Relief Society would you like to take a trip into the land of Memories? Yes! Well come with me to the home of the Barlows where we find Grandmother Barlow, a sweet little gray-haired lady sitting in a comfortable chair in the spacious living room, a "Relief Society Magazine" in her lap, her granddaughter, Molly, breezily enters.

Molly: Hello, Grandmother—oh! I'm sorry I disturbed you—Yes, I did—and Grandmother, you've been crying.

Grandmother: No, Molly, it's just that I—

Molly: There now, don't apologize—you cry if you want to, but what on earth have you been reading that would affect you that way? Did the wicked villain get away with the heroine?

Grandmother: Oh Molly girl, it isn't that at all. You see I was reading the "Relief Society Magazine" and—

Molly: The "Relief Society Magazine? Why I thought its chief duty is to scatter sunshine.

Grandmother: So it is—so it is—and it does. One doesn't always cry from lack of sunshine, often memories bring a touch of sadness, and understanding of past sacrifices, of suffering— (breaks).

Molly: There, there, Grandmother, I do wish you'd tell me about it all sometime.

Grandmother (laughs): Well that would be a mighty big order, dear, to tell you *all* about it. You see—I've just been reading this article in the magazine about Emma Smith, the wife of the Prophet Joseph, you know, and it started me thinking about the early days of

*See page 498.

the Church and how noble and courageous those women were, and how willingly they bore trials and privations, even persecutions. They stood right back of their husbands in everything for their religion's sake.

Molly: Religion's sake? Why would they be persecuted for it?

Grandmother: Because, dear, it was so strange and so very different from the other religions of the world—.

Molly: But I don't see—.

Grandmother: You know new thoughts and truths have always brought ridicule and persecutions. And these women besides taking care of their own families, making the cloth as well as their clothing, cared for the sick, mothered the orphan children and sheltered the homeless that came among them. They asked the Prophet to organize them into a society so that they could help with the building of the temple.

Molly: Which temple, Granny, tell me about it?

Grandmother: Sit here, Molly, on this stool and I will. You see the Prophet and his followers had laid out a beautiful city on a semicircle of land, almost surrounded by the Mississippi River.

Molly: It was called Nauvoo the Beautiful wasn't it?

Grandmother: Yes, dear, and they built fine strong homes, as they expected, at the time, to stay there always.

Molly: And then they built the Nauvoo Temple?

Grandmother: Yes, on a hill east of the city, they built it. The temple was the first in which ordinance work was done.

Molly: Then what?

Grandmother: Well, the women wanted to help, so a number got together and asked Eliza R. Snow to write some by-laws for them. These were taken to the Prophet Joseph Smith for his approval.

(Musical Interlude)

Sister Snow: President Smith, we have a desire as a group of women to be united in an organization that we may be of more help to you brethren and we have brought to you this copy of our by-laws for your approval.

President Smith: Sister Snow, I will be glad to have the opportunity of organizing the women of the Church. I have been considering the matter of an organization for some time but my plans are greater than any you have in mind. I will soon call you together for this purpose.

(Musical Interlude)

Grandmother: It was not long after this that a group of eighteen women was invited to meet in the upper room of the Masonic Hall. President Smith came with his two counselors, Elders Willard Richards and John Taylor. He appointed Brother Taylor, temporary chairman of the meeting, Brother Richards, temporary secretary. They sang the Hymn—.

(Chorus—"The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning.")

President Smith: Brother Taylor, will you take the chair and offer the opening prayer.

Elder Taylor: Oh God, our Eternal and Heavenly Father, in the name of Thy son Jesus Christ, we, a few of Thy servants and handmaidens, have met on this occasion to organize, under Thy divine approval and will, a society whose purpose is to relieve the distress and want of humanity. We pray Thy divine guidance and influence to attend us in our deliberation.

We thank Thee for the presence of Thy servant, the Prophet Joseph Smith, and pray that Thou wilt reveal unto him Thy holy mind and will, that that which may be accomplished today may be in accordance with Thy purpose.

We are also grateful for the presence of his wife, Emma Smith, and the other ladies who are present to participate in these proceedings, and pray Thee, Father in Heaven, that whoever may be selected to preside and act as officers of this organization, and the many others who may be called to assist, may have the vision and inspiration to carry on a work that will mean relief and help to suffering humanity. May their hearts be in tune with Thee, the Lord, and may they always have a desire to help and benefit all who need their mercy and kindness. May they indeed become real angels of mercy, tenderness and kindness to all who need their help and blessings, and may this organization that is being perfected today grow, spread and increase until Thy holy name may be glorified in the splendid achievements that will be accomplished and reached out to future generations.

To this end we commend this gathering unto Thee, the Lord, and pray that Thou wilt abide with us with Thy favor and blessings. Amen.

President Smith: Elder Taylor.

Elder Taylor: President Smith.

President Smith: I should like to take a vote to see if the Sisters here all are satisfied with one another as fellow members of the proposed group and are willing to acknowledge one another in full fellowship with all the privileges of the institution about to be formed.

Elder Richards: Elder Taylor.

Elder Taylor: Elder Richards.

Elder Richards: I second the motion.

Elder Taylor: Sisters, have you confidence in and are you willing to accept one another as fellow members, and have you a desire to be united in a society for human service? All of those who are willing raise the right hand. The vote is unanimous. You who are present are now declared members of this society. President Smith, will you tell us the purpose of this organization.

President Smith: I shall be pleased to. Now as I see it, the purpose of this Society is that the sisters may provoke the brethren to good works, in looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and administering to their wants; you will assist by correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of the community and thus save the elders the trouble of rebuking; that they may give their time to other duties.

(Musical Interlude)

Grandmother: They elected Emma Smith, President; Sarah M. Cleveland, first counselor; and Elizabeth Ann Whitney, second counselor; Eliza R. Snow, secretary; Phoebe M. Wheeler, assistant secretary; Elvira Coles, treasurer.

Molly: Grandmother, was Emma Smith appointed president or was she chosen by the members?

Grandmother: You might say both, my dear. She had been chosen by the Lord twelve years before. We read in the 25th section of "The Doctrine and Covenants" the revelation given direct to her. The Lord speaks of her there as the Elect Lady whom he had called.

(Musical Interlude)

President Smith: After the word of the Lord which is contained in the revelation given in July, 1830, Sister Emma was ordained to expound the scriptures to all and to teach the female part of the community: not only she alone, but any of you may attain to the same privileges and blessings if you are true and faithful to your trust. These blessings for women were had anciently, for I read from the 2nd Epistle of John, 1st verse: "The elder unto the elect lady and her children, whom I love in the truth; and not I only, but also all they that have known the truth." This society is restored to women. Sister Emma Smith is the elect lady and is so-called because she is elected to preside. Sister Emma, you and your counselors will now come forward. Sister Emma, you take the chair. You other sisters sit here.

Emma Smith: My dear brothers and sisters: I feel very humble in occupying this position and I pray that God will bless me so that I may perform my duties in an acceptable manner to Him and to you. Now the chief object of this society is for charitable purposes, to seek out and relieve the distressed. Each member should be ambitious to do good and deal frankly with one another. Each of you should watch over the morals and be very careful of the character and reputation of the members of this institution.

Brother Taylor: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Brother Taylor.

Brother Taylor: I move that we go into an investigation respecting what this society shall be called.

President Smith: I second the motion.

Emma Smith: It has been moved and seconded that we go into an investigation respecting the name of this society. All those in favor raise the right hand. Those opposed—. The motion is unanimous.

Counselor Cleveland: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Sister Cleveland.

Counselor Cleveland: I move that this society be called the Nauvoo Female Relief Society.

Counselor Whitney: I second that motion.

Brother Taylor: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Brother Taylor.

Brother Taylor: I offer an amendment that the name be the

Nauvoo Female Benevolent Society, which would give a more definite and extended idea of the institution. I suggest that the word Relief be stricken out and Benevolent be inserted.

Counselor Cleveland: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Sister Cleveland.

Counselor Cleveland: I second the amendment.

Emma Smith: All those in favor of the amendment make it manifest, contrary by the same sign. The vote is unanimous. But I would like a discussion with Elder Taylor on the words Relief and Benevolent. I like the word Relief better myself.

President Smith: Mrs. Chairman, I move that the vote for the amendment be rescinded.

Sister Snow: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Sister Snow.

Sister Snow: I second the motion.

Emma Smith: It has been moved and seconded that the vote for the amendment be rescinded, those in favor raise the right hand—the motion is carried.

President Smith: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: President Smith.

President Smith: Now benevolent is a popular term and is used greatly to designate societies of this kind. The word relief is not known among popular societies.

Emma Smith: I favor the word relief because it is simple and our society is different from the other societies of the world. We expect to do more than merely extend mercy, our purpose is to relieve the poor from their sufferings.

Counselor Cleveland: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Counselor Cleveland.

Counselor Cleveland: I too like the word Relief better.

Counselor Whitney: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: Sister Whitney.

Counselor Whitney: I am of the same opinion as the other sisters.

President Smith: I have no objection to the word Relief and I feel it would reflect the work of this organization on all questions; that you should deliberate candidly and investigate all subjects just as you have done in the naming of this society.

Emma Smith: All those in favor of naming our society the Nauvoo Female Relief Society make it manifest by raising the right hand. Contrary by the same sign. The vote is unanimous.

President Smith: Mrs. Chairman.

Emma Smith: President Smith.

President Smith: This society is now organized with a complete set of officers and according to parliamentary usage, I recommend that all, who are hereafter admitted, be received without censure and by vote. This society is not only to relieve the poor but to save souls. And I now turn the key to you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice, and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time.

This presidency is ordained to preside over this society just as

the Presidency presides over the Church and if you need my instructions, ask of me and I will give them from time to time. Do not injure the character of anyone. If any member of the society shall conduct herself improperly deal with her and keep all your doings within your own bosoms and hold characters sacred. If you would have God have mercy on you, have mercy on one another. I wish now to give you my contribution. Here is $5.00. What I do hereafter for charity I shall do through this organization.

(Musical Interlude)

Molly: Oh Grandmother dear! Wasn't the Prophet a grand man? I know I should have loved him. Was he as wise as he was good?

Grandmother: Yes, indeed, because he was guided by revelation. Do you know that he instructed those women how to conduct their meetings in an orderly way with parliamentary procedure, how to address the chair; how to put motions and amendments; how the chairman should recognize the first one who addressed her; how to transact all business that might come before their meeting; and "Are you ready for the question, etc.?

Molly: Just imagine, and it's remarkable when you think that it was so long ago. Doesn't Female sound funny?

Grandmother: Well, it does now, but then it seemed alright. Female was always used to designate womens' work in those days. Women generally didn't have an opportunity to do anything outside of their own homes. And so on the 17th of March, 1842, the first Relief Society meeting was organized, and that's why we celebrate the 17th of March. The name was changed later, I believe it was October 15th, 1872.

Molly: But Grandmother, tell me, when President Smith gave $5.00 did anyone else give some?

Grandmother: Yes, they all followed, giving what they could. Sister Cleveland gave all she had, 12½ cents. They collected $10.62½. And at their first meeting they began caring for those in need and arranging for employment for widows who desired it.

Molly: Well, they didn't lose any time, did they?

Grandmother: No, my dear.

Molly: Just how did they go about this relief work?

Grandmother: Well it was this way, they made a list of the names of widows and others who desired work so that people who had work might get in touch with them. Sister Smith told them to pay promptly, not to defraud the widow of her wages, but be upright and deal justly."

Molly: That was fine.

Grandmother: The prophet and his counselors then ordained the sisters and set them apart for their great mission. Later they organized a necessity committee of sixteen women to visit among the people and search out the poor and suffering. This committee was the forerunner of the visiting teachers of today.

Molly: What kind of a woman was Emma Smith, Granny?

Grandmother: Emma Smith was a beautiful woman with fine

poise and a forceful personality. She was one year older than the Prophet.

Molly: One year older?

Grandmother: Yes, she was 22 and he 21 when they were married. She loved him dearly and married him against her parents' wishes.

Molly: Against her parents' wishes?

Grandmother: She was always loyal to him and helped him in his work. Emma went with Joseph with the horse and wagon when he received the plates. Once when the plates were in danger and Joseph was working, digging a well at Macedon, Emma rode on horseback to warn him. When the manuscript was lost Emma was very ill, but she insisted that Joseph go in search of it. And at the time—.

(Musical Interlude)

Joseph: Oh! Emma dear, you look so worn and tired. I wonder if we did the right thing taking these Murdock babies, especially after all you've passed through.

Emma: Why Joseph, these poor little motherless darlings fill the gap left by the loss of my own twin babies, as nothing else could. And don't you see that even the care and worry helps to heal the pain in my heart.

Joseph: And mine, too—but—.

Emma: If only they could have been a little older and stronger—this wouldn't have been so hard on them.

Joseph: Well, all children get the measles and it's a good thing over, and with your care and attention, I'm sure—.

Emma: Oh! Joseph, I hope you're right, but I do worry so.

Joseph: God will bless you, Emma, for taking these motherless babes to your bosom. Go, my beloved, and get a little sleep while I watch by their bed.

Emma: But Joseph, you are tired, too. Your responsibilities weigh so heavily on you and the constant fear of the mob is so trying, you had better rest while you can. Besides this one little baby is so very sick, I don't believe I had better leave him.

Joseph: The child seems to be sleeping now, Emma, you go and lie down, he'll be all right. I can rest here in the quiet by their bed. I'll call you when necessary.

Emma: All right then, I'll go for a little while if you'll promise to waken me when they need me. (Door closes.)

Joseph (sighs): Now if only she can get a little rest—goodness knows she needs it. What would I do without her. (Noise.) There now (hums) (knock on door) (louder and louder). Sh! Who's there? (Knock.) Just a moment (knock) I'm coming (opens door) (great noise and confusion—door closes).

Emma (Calling in distance): Joseph? Joseph, what's wrong? (Closer.) Why Joseph, where are you? He's gone! The mob! The mob's taken him. Oh my husband! I'll go for help—the baby, the baby, oh Joseph, the baby's dying, I can't leave him. Oh God, have mercy!

(Musical Interlude)

Molly: Oh Grandmother, wasn't that awful? How could she stand so much? She must have been a remarkable woman as you said.

Grandmother: She was, in the magazine here let me read you what Mother Smith said about Emma, her daughter-in-law: "I have never seen a woman in my life who could endure every species of fatigue and hardship from month to month and from year to year with that unflinching courage, zeal, patience, which she has ever done; for I know that which she has had to endure. She has been tossed upon the ocean of uncertainty; she has breasted the storms of persecution and buffeted the rage of men and devils which would have borne down almost any other woman."

Molly: Isn't that a wonderful tribute, coming from her mother-in-law, too. It just goes to prove that she must have had her full share of virtues.

Grandmother: That isn't all, when there was so much sickness around Nauvoo and they were living in a little log house she had the sick brought to her home in such numbers that she and her family were crowded out of doors into a tent.

Molly: A tent! Oh! Grandmother, she must have been wonderful.

Grandmother: She was a great comfort to the Prophet, too. She visited him secretly while he was in exile. He wrote in his journal after one of her visits, "My beloved Emma, she that is my wife, even the wife of my youth and the choice of my heart, again she is here undaunted, firm, unwavering, unchangeable, and affectionate Emma."

She wrote a masterful letter to Governor Carlin of Illinois pleading against the extradition of her husband to Missouri.

Molly: Well, whatever did she do when the Prophet was martyred?

Grandmother: They say that for awhile her grief was so great that her iron-like fortitude seemed broken, she went into one faint after another. A friend trying to comfort her said, "Dear Sister Emma, this martyrdom will be your crown of glory," and Emma replied, "My husband is my crown."

Molly: Poor soul, tell me, Grandmother, whatever did she do after the Prophet died? Did she start west with the Saints?

Grandmother: No, I suppose Emma's work was finished, like Joan of Arc her mission was fulfilled. She preferred to stay and raise her family in Nauvoo where her husband had lived and struggled.

Molly: Were there other women as wonderful as Emma Smith?

Grandmother: Yes, many, those pioneer women have been unequalled anywhere in history. And the elect ladies (I like to think of the presidents of the Relief Society as such) all have been fine, capable, courageous, generous women. It has been their great leadership under the guidance of the Lord that has made Relief Society the great organization it is today. I tell you, Molly, I'm proud to belong and work in such an organization.

Molly: And it's women like you, Grandmother dear, that put their shoulder to the wheel and carry on, doing their bit to spread sunshine

and care for the needy. I never really understood just how it all came about.

Thanks for letting me see these memories with you. There—a kiss right on each cheek—there.

Grandmother: Bless you, my dear. I only hope you will enjoy this heritage that we—your mother and I, are passing on to you. "To you from falling hands we throw the torch. Be it your's to hold it high." For it is you, Molly, you and your girl friends that must carry on this inspired work, must feel the urge, must sense the necessity to seek out and relieve the distressed. For never before was the need greater than now. Do you see the vision of this work, my dear?

Molly: As I never did before, Grandmother.

Grandmother: Then, please God, you will pick up the torch and carry on.

(Music—Floods in)

The Greatest Gift

By Estelle Webb Thomas

MY mother has lived for seventy-one years. She is not merely seventy-one years old—plenty of people have attained to that dignity—but she has actually lived every day for seventy-one years. And that is a record. And Old Age, searching among the chimney corners and easy chairs and the dozing dreamers of dear-dead-days-beyond-recall, has never found her. And here is the why of it:

When she was born there was the usual consultation of the fairies, gathered to bestow their gifts upon the little stranger, and bounteously they bestowed them. Health, beauty, love, wit—all the lovely graces the fairies can give when they will and the stars are propitious—but alas! As usual, too, there was the wicked, unbidden pixie who turned up at the last end of the party screaming maledictions and making trouble, "She'll have a hard row to hoe!" she shouted, before the eleventh fairy had fairly got the words, "countless friends" out of her mouth. "Her life will be one long series of ups and downs, and work without reward!" "She will—" But here the thirteenth fairy was discovered, asleep in a corner and routed out to save the day. She stared wildly at the wall for inspiration. The calendar caught her eye.

"Since she is Friday's child she'll be loving and giving," she intoned rapidly, "and thus her service will be its own reward!" The fairy paused, she could think of nothing more. But the others still looked at her with silent expectancy. It was not enough. "She shall savor to its last drop, every day of her life!" Still they watched her, and with a deep sigh the thirteenth fairy made the supreme sacrifice. She took from her shoulders her one treasured possession and placed it gently about the sleeping child. And as she did so, she murmured, "To you, dear child, I bequeath this invisible cloak—A sense of humor. Wear it always as a shield against the vicissitudes of life. By its magic, tears will be turned into laughter, hardships into happiness, and Life itself, into a Great Adventure!"

The fairies turned away, satisfied. The final gift had taken all the sting from the evil fairy's curse.

The Call of the Land

By Agnes Just Reid

WHEN Barbara Wentworth was left alone with four small children, people wondered what she would do. There was no insurance, for never in his life had Nat Wentworth been considered a safe risk for the insurance companies. In war time he had only gone as far as the training camp, to be told, what he already knew, that his heart was likely to play out almost any minute. So, after nine years of anxiety, interspersed with much happiness, the blow had fallen and Barbara was alone.

"Poor Babs," everyone said, "will have to go back to teaching school; and who will rear those babies for her?"

There was no one who would rear them, and Barbara was not sure that she would be willing to give anyone the chance. These precious babies were all she had left; and, even with the many serious sick spells Nat had had, she had never been away from the children over night. When one of them went any place, they all went; and she could not bring herself to change that custom.

Her father talked to her seriously over what was best, and, while not wishing to influence her, he felt, as everyone did, that teaching was perhaps the most sensible thing for her to attempt.

"No, Dad," she said, "I may do it later, but right now I want to try farming. It would take several hundred dollars to put me back in school even for the short time necessary to make it possible for me to teach again. Then besides the rent, the light, the water, the books, the help, the countless things that must be paid for, always there looms before me the things that might happen to the children during even a few weeks. When I have tried to consider it always before me comes a vision—a vision that has become a perfect obsession of little "Snookie" being run over by an automobile. No one but her mother can take care of her for a few years; no one else knows the fleetness of her tiny feet."

"Well, tell me my girl, what your plans are; and no matter how unreasonable they may seem to be, I shall do my best to help you carry them out."

Barbara cried a little. She well knew that whatever she did, she must be a burden to that wonderful Dad, whose shoulders were already bowed with the loads of other people.

"I want you, Dad, to go somewhere in your field where the ditches are all made, far enough away so that my children and my chickens will not be running back to bother you, and there build me a little house on the land that you had intended to be mine. Just a little, little house—a cabin even. The smaller it is, the smaller my coal bill will be; but no matter how small it is, it will be home.

"I believe you are right," said her father; "but have you thought of the isolation, the loneliness? There will be no telephone, no mail route, not even a highway where you can see people passing."

"Yes," Barbara assured him, "I have been over every foot of the ground. I know, too, that wherever I go there will always be loneliness, loneliness that sometimes seems unendurable; but there are two

thoughts that always come to give me courage: one is, I have heard that the percent of children from broken homes, in the reform schools is appalling. I must raise my children in a broken home, and I must keep them on the land or they may go wrong. The other thought is the memory of my grandmother. She lived where there was no telephone, no mail route, no highway; and yet she raised you, Dad."

SO the first thing when the spring days came was Barbara's cabin. It had, in truth, but one room and a big porch screened ready for protection from mosquitoes and flies. To it Barbara brought their furniture, their partly worn out machinery, and their team. The car, they had let go to pay a debt, for she felt that a car without a man to take care of it was a needless expense and worry.

One of the first things she did was order a thousand day-old chicks of a breed that would make good weight by August. That done, she plowed and harrowed her garden patch. Again and again she leveled and harrowed it until the soil looked so inviting that it seemed as if no seed could fail to grow; but before she began to plant, she fenced off with sticks and strings four small plots. They were like the beds that are described in the story of the three bears: there was a good sized plot for big sister, a medium sized plot for big brother, one a size smaller for little brother, and a wee, tiny plot for baby "Snookie." Into each little garden, each little member of this new organization put seeds of everything just like those in mother's big garden. Sometimes they had to practice cooperation; and big brother would have to do some of the heavy work for "Snookie," but as far as was possible Barbara had each little farmer take care of his own plot.

She and Nat had planned to put in a good many potatoes, so she had seed potatoes; but she concluded to try only an acre for the first year and let the rest go to pay for the chickens and the feed they would need. All the planting and plowing and cultivating were old stories to Barbara, for she had always helped Nat with every kind of work. She used to beg him to let her work in the field instead of hiring a man. She loved to work in the field, and she did hate to cook for an extra man; so, after all, she was doing the work she liked best, and there was always a degree of satisfaction as she turned wearily toward the house to know that bread and milk and fruit would be their supper, and they would not even have to light a fire.

As the summer wore on, she saw the children growing almost as fast as the garden; and the little cheeks that had been too pale were rosy and sunburned. They hardly ever quarrelled either. They were too busy all day and too tired when the day was over.

A few times her father had sent a man to help her a day or two, but nearly everything she and the children had been able to manage. Never a day passed but someone came by to see how she was, but she had a feeling that she was beginning to stand on her own feet. Every two or three weeks she went to town with her father to get what few things they needed. In recognition of the countless favors she received, there were the choicest vegetables picked, often cleaned, and sent to the home folks each day; perhaps a bucket of shelled peas, a sack of corn, or a basket of rosy ripe tomatoes. Barbara was one of those for

whom things seemed to take a delight in growing.

Many friends came to see her and she always insisted on sharing the fruits of her labors with them; even though the fruits happened to be vegetables, they were none the less acceptable.

It was with no little pride that Barbara showed the junior gardens to everyone that came. The small, even rows had been carefully hoed and weeded by small, willing fingers; and there was great family rejoicing when a cucumber entered at the County Fair from one of the vines in little brother's garden, took first prize.

Fall came and the two children were starting to school. Barbara was tired, so tired that she was looking forward with pleasure to the time when she could sit all day at her sewing machine and create pretty garments for her little flock. It had been a happy summer. Not one of them had been sick a day, and everything had turned out even better than she had hoped.

After gathering in the last of the drying corn, Barbara sat down to do a little figuring. The chickens, she had sold in August because she had no winter quarters for so many had made her $300.00. She realized that weather and all other conditions had favored her or she would not have been able to clear that much. She had not attempted to sell vegetables for she was too far from market, but her cellar was full of vitamines, even to a hundred quarts of tomatoes—all the work of her hands. The potatoes had been an average crop; sold out of the field they brought her $200.00. Then there was the most interesting crop of all, her jelly. About the middle of May she had set out two long rows of Wonder Berries. By the middle of August, after the care of her chickens was ended, she began to make jelly. Before the frost took the berries, she had made and sold to a local merchant six hundred glasses of jelly at 25 cents a glass. When the sugar was paid for that made her another $100.00.

She was still toying with her pencil when her father came walking in. She looked up almost joyfully when she heard his step: "Dad, I've made $600.00 this year and it has been only a beginning. I won't have to teach school now will I?"

Her father smiled a wan sort of a smile; there was a sob in his throat. Putting a hand on her shoulder, he said: "Maybe, after all, I have reared a girl who appreciates what is in this land, which two generations have spent their lives reclaiming."

Your Honor

By Arthur James Bowers

This is your day;
To hope, to dream, to build.
Stride forth with lances bare,
Your heart with courage filled.

This is your time;
To fashion of the clay
The dream, that tomorrow,
May fade and pass away.

This is your hour;
The hour that you can change
From just so many minutes
Into a work of fame;

Your hour—and it is yours—
To make your work so true
That name and gilded fame
May live long after you.

The Little Lad

By Ida Powell Brown

THROUGH the window drifted the murmur of voices, and Ladd, crouched on the back stairs, tried not to listen. Perched precariously on the step just below him, Rosemary, his four year old sister, was singing a wordless lullaby to the sadly dilapidated, but dearly beloved, rag doll in her arms.

There, the chair in the living room was creaking now. Mr. Dismore must be getting ready to leave, and mother was laughing again. Ladd thought that her laugh was like the little silvery tinkle of bells. It had been a long time since she had laughed like that, not since daddy died, and the boy loved the sound. He flinched, though, at the gruff rumble that accompanied it. Mr. Dismore didn't laugh like dad at all. Father's had been a clear, high laugh, like a boy's.

With a little troubled sigh Ladd turned a page of his book. Almost twelve was quite young for problems, and he hadn't been sleeping so well for the last two nights since mother had told him that Mr. Dismore was to be his new father. He remembered the queer sick feeling that had settled in the pit of his stomach on that morning. He saw again in his mind the two little red spots that had glowed on mother's cheeks.

She had told him, faltering a little as she talked, of the plans that she and daddy had had for making a doctor of him. Plans that could be carried out now because Mr. Dismore was so willing to go on with them. She said that Ladd needed a man to help him fight his battles, to see him through college, and, as if it were an after-thought she had added, to take care of her and Rosemary.

To take care of her and Rosemary —Ladd had steeled himself with those last words, and had turned a resolutely cheerful face to her which had belied the ache in his heart. He knew how she'd been worrying over the insurance money stretching over all the needs of the little family. But even then he hadn't dared to trust his voice, so he had just kissed her and gone to his room.

REBELLIOUSLY that night he had cried into his pillow. Fathers weren't dignified, and middle aged like Mr. Dismore. They were young and straight and laughing like Dad. They had little smile wrinkles at the corner of blue eyes, and hard, yet tender, brown hands. They understood boys so that they loved you when you were noisy. They didn't frown when you rattled chairs in the living room, or jumped at Rosey from behind the kitchen door.

But Ladd was old for his years, and father's death had sobered him. There was a new serious look on the little brown face. There was rent to pay, and shoes to buy. Perhaps not having so many worries would bring back mother's smiles for good. Ladd wished he knew. That was what bothered him so. Was mother doing this for him, or for herself?

The front door was slamming now. Mr. Dismore must have really decided to go at last.

"Ladd, Laddy," mother's voice, and Ladd lifting the protesting Rosemary in his arms carried her into the house.

Inside, the kitchen was warm and clean. The kettle was singing on the spotless stove, and mother, with a white apron over her best gown, was bustling about the room. She smiled at him as he entered.

"Will you wash Rosy's hands and face, son?" she said. It's milk toast night for the Brays, so supper will be ready in a hurry."

"And Ladd and I can use our blue bowls," Rosemary said, as Ladd piloted her to the bathroom.

"Couldn't have any eats that would suit me better," Ladd called above the noise of the water in the wash bowl. He didn't quite know what made him add: "Daddy used to love it too; milk toast was his favorite supper."

Mrs. Bray stopped rattling the dishes in the kitchen, and came to the bathroom door.

"Laddy," she asked, in a hesitating voice, "you—you're sure you are happy about—everything?"

"Why—yes, mother," the boy answered after a moment, clearing his throat. Fiercely he thought to himself that he wasn't going to have his mother slaving to make a doctor of him when Mr. Dismore was so anxious to take over the job."

With a little dissatisfied look at the boy's bent head the mother turned again to the kitchen.

AFTER the supper work was over Mrs. Bray took Rosemary around the corner to Mrs. Ransome's and Ladd was left alone in the fast darkening kitchen. He and Rex usually played until bedtime. But tonight his head ached and he felt so tired.

He wanted so badly to know that insistent question that kept buzzing away in his head. "Was mother marrying again for him or for herself?"

Suddenly with a little sobbing sigh Ladd switched on the basement light and hurried down the stairs. Groping in the darkness of the laundry room closet he brought forth an old bundle of clothes—daddy's clothes—the old leather coat with the big patches on the sleeves—the high top boots with their leather lacing—the hat with its band torn away. Tenderly he laid his cheek against the worn out coat, and the hot tears fell upon the fraying collar.

"I'm only eleven and a half, Daddy," he said softly through his sobs. "And it's—kinda hard for a fellow as little as me to know just w—what to do. There isn't anyone will ever take your place—but it's for her, Dad — you understand, dontcha? It's pretty hard for mothers to make the grade alone when a feller isn't old enough to help."

For a few moments he held the coat in his hands. Then, obeying an impulse that he did not quite understand, he slipped his arms into the sleeves. Carefully, reverently, he pulled on the enormous shoes and laced them to the top. Then, the boots clomping at every step, he sought the stairs, and dropping upon the lowest step he laid his head against the second one. Gradually his sobs subsided. The warm coat was comforting. It seemed strangely to be his father's arms clasped close about him; and with a little contented sigh his head nestled against the heavy collar.

IT was there that his mother found him when she came to the head of the basement stairs. On the lips that still held a hint of their baby curves a faint smile lingered, and the tear-stained countenance was strangely peaceful and content. She

noted the huge coat about his shoulders, the little feet, so lost in the carefully laced boots.

"Ralph's coat," she whispered brokenly, "Ralph's shoes, Laddy, my darling!" and her tears fell upon the upturned face so heartbreakingly like another face that she had loved and lost.

Laddy, awaking, found his mother's arms around him and her soft, wet cheek pressed close to his.

"Why didn't you tell me how you felt, Laddy?" she reproached him tenderly. "I thought that I was so wise and brave, working things out for you, and it wasn't what you wanted at all." She stroked the brown coat with gentle fingers, "and I wouldn't have known but for this," she said, "that it wasn't what I wanted either; I was so blinded by the material things of life."

"Then it's just us three, Mother?" the boy stammered, scarcely daring to hope; and as she nodded he went on excitedly, "I'll just grow and grow, Mother; you'll see, so that I can take care of you and Rosy like Daddy did."

"Yes, you'll soon be a man," the mother said with a sad little smile; but life isn't going to be easy with just you and Rosemary and me—and the memory of Daddy," she added. "It will take courage, son. You'll have to work hard, and fight every step of the way."

Unconsciously the boy's shoulders straightened in his father's coat. "Almost twelve is pretty big, Mother," he said bravely. "Don't you worry; it won't be long until I fit this coat, and then I'll be a man."

A MEANDERING STREAM

Lifting the Veil

By Ann Jarvis

With stealthy steps on heels of night
Fog creeps in from the bay.
Low-lying sinister shadows fight
The early light of day.

The workers to the factory bound,
The messengers on the run
Bewildered pause, all turned around
Until behold the sun!

Gray mist hangs o'er this perplexed land
And we shall go astray.
Lift, lift the veil with Thine great Hand,
Oh, Lord, and lead the way.

Mistakes

By Ida Hansen Steed

If you were the one you talked about
And she were you, I pray,
Would you be so ready to speak aloud
The error of her ways?

You have made mistakes in your life time,
No matter how good you are,
They may have been of a different sort,
But they're errors just the same.

For if you were the one you talked about
And she were you, I say,
Perhaps you'd make the same mistakes
In the same mistaken way.

Susan B. Anthony

By Minnie I. Hodapp

True Seeress of a nation's need
Acute in thought, sublime in deed;
Her soul's invincible surmise:
A starry banner in the skies
Vouchsafing truth and liberty
And franchise with equality,
By grace of God, a boundless good
To free, untrammeled womanhood!

Behind her footsteps flowers rise
In splendor 'neath joy-smiling skies
Where barefooted through thistle field
She fared to plant their shining yield.

Stern years of travail did not tire
Her honor-angered valor fire
Whose toils bequeath to you and me
A wondrous woman legacy!

Bright dream incarnate in her blood!
Fair boon to slighted sisterhood!
Her quenchless zeal to do and dare—
Loose ancient fetters, quell despair!
Storm-mountain hooded in gray mist
Transfigured now and sunset kissed
Men deem her fair (though once they hissed)
Sister, Seeress, Suffragist!

A Mother of Men

By Florence Fairbanks

IN Birmingham, England, in the year 1836 a little boy was left an orphan by the death of his mother. He was early apprenticed to a machinist where he spent his boyhood. Pins at that time were made with a loose head that was screwed on as a bur and bolt are now connected. This little boy, Walter H. Huish, grew up and became an inventor. He invented the solid head pin as it is now used. Other small things were also invented by him.

In about the year 1853 he married Ann Smith and later they accepted the Gospel and started for Zion. After landing in America this young couple first settled in St. Louis. The young husband set up a machine shop and for a number of years worked at his trade as a machinist. Here Lillie Annetta Huish, third child of the union, was born. The parents decided to continue their journey to Utah, so in the year 1859 they moved on to Payson, Utah, where a friend was already located. Mr. Huish again set up his shop and went into business. His was the first nail factory in Utah. He made a business of repairing machinery. He was a furniture maker and a dealer in lumber, being part owner in several saw mills.

The wife, Ann, was a very fine business woman and did a big part of the business management until the oldest son, John, was old enough to take it over himself. This business ability of the mother was inherited by the daughter, Lillie. She did the family sewing and took her place in the home learning, as most pioneer girls did, to manage a home in all its phases. She went through the grade schools of Payson and for a time was a student under J. L. Townsend, the first high school teacher of Payson. She was a modest, retiring girl, and very serious minded. She became friendly with Mary Fairbanks whose brother, John, and she became attached to each other.

In the year 1876 William G. Young, a patriarch, stopped at Payson giving blessings to those who desired them. John Fairbanks acted as his scribe. When Lillie Huish came for her blessing and had gone, Brother Young turned to John and said, "Brother Fairbanks, you should try to win her. She would make you a mighty fine wife." "We are going together now, and I mean to do my best, replied young John.

They were married the next year by Bishop Joseph S. Tanner at his home, the mothers of both being the only ones at the wedding. In the fall of that year they, in company with three other young couples, went by team and wagon to St. George to go through the temple and be sealed. The trip took three weeks. They loaded their wagons with pipe for Silver Reefe to clear the expenses of the trip. No trouble or inconvenience was too much for these sturdy young people of pioneer times. The Gospel meant all to them and they wanted all its blessings.

They lived with her parents for the first two or three years until just before the birth of their second child, Lillie Annetta (their only girl). The first child, John Leo, was a sturdy little fellow early showing ability in art. When he was six years old he drew a picture

of the baby in a cradle that showed talent, and in which some likeness to the baby could be seen.

They moved again into rooms rented from John's brother, Henry. There they lived until the father was called on a mission. As her mother was an invalid her parents wished her to return to their home until he should return from his mission.

A new baby was expected within a month after the time set for his departure. The father was sad at leaving her in that delicate condition but both felt that nothing would be lost by obeying the call of those in authority over them, so preparations were carried on for his departure. Another company was to leave in a few weeks but they decided to go when called and trust in their Heavenly Father. The husband before leaving promised his wife, in the name of the Lord, that if she would put her trust in Him and call in the Elders whenever there was sickness, all would be well with them while he was away. She had those womanly qualities, confidence and trust in her husband, so she did not hesitate or question his authority in such a promise, but kept it as a guide and protection. The new baby, a boy, arrived on the 14th of November. She had a letter sent immediately to inform the father that all was well at home.

John had taken orders for books before he left but they had not arrived, so she delivered them and made collections. She carried on cheerfully while he was away. As she was with her parents her trials were lessened greatly.

One day she stepped on a nail running it into her foot. She was disabled for some time. It looked as if serious measures would have to be taken as it seemed to grow worse and looked so black. Her father gave her no encouragement. But she said, "John told me if I trusted in the Lord and called in the Elders all would be well." So the Elders were called in and they administered to her and before they left, as she sat looking at her foot, she saw a little yellow spot appear and gather to a point. She sterilized a needle, opened it and drained it. It was soon well and she felt to give the Lord the praise.

After returning from his mission John set about building a home of their own, and with the help of the wife's father, a comfortable house was soon completed. It was here in this home that the remainder of their family was born except Avard who was born after the family had moved to Provo.

The children of this couple are: John Leo, Lillie Annetta, Vernon Walter, Raymond (who died a few hours after birth), Ervin, LeRoy S., Ortho L., Claude, and a pair of twin boys Delamar Rigolet and LeMar, LeMar dying at birth, and Avard Tennison (tenth son).

When Claude was a baby the plans were carried out for the father to go to France with Hafen, Pratt, and Evans to study art. The mother was not very anxious for her husband to take up art as a profession as she well knew the trials and struggles an artist must endure. But when she found his heart was set on it she, the brave, true helpmate she was, did not complain but cheerfully did her part to aid him. A splendid example of her character can be gleaned from a letter written to her by her husband while he was in France.

"Lillie, I cannot help comparing you with some women I know: who complain and find fault about the hardships that must be endured by a woman caring for her family alone.

"Even though you did not seem

anxious for me to come to France, you have stood by me like a true companion, doing all in your power to sustain me and to carry on while I am away.

"Your letters are an inspiration to me and always help me to do my best."

In a letter to her husband in Sept. 29, 1890, she showed a courage typical of the women of her time, but rather a marvel in these days. She told how she managed her buying of food and clothes, of what she did with cows and chickens. How she managed the repairs on household furnishings and in many ways showed her ability and industry.

She said: "John, send us more views of the places you visit. Get some souvenirs and make a note of where and when you got them. They will be of interest later. See all the places of interest while you have a chance, you may never get another. True it will cost a little more, but I would rather scrimp a bit more at home to make it up. I can furnish the money for some souvenirs from my own. It will be better spent that way than in shows."

She ever had a heart big with understanding, a mind seeking for expression, and an opportunity to broaden under conditions trying to one less brave. She taught the children to honor and respect their father and set the example by doing so herself. While he was away she at several times anointed and administered to her own little ones in the absence of the Elders and she states in her letter to her husband, "I immediately saw a change for the better each time."

She was very artistic and helped the children in their efforts at art. If, at Thanksgiving, a cheaper cut of meat must replace a turkey, the children were delighted by the huge turkey molded of creamed potatoes and browned to a delicate, tempting color. At various times she made framed pictures of seeds and grain, forming them into flowers, and at one time took a prize in the Utah State Fair on one such.

She did her own designing and making of the family clothes. Her family was her fortune, and she always said, "My boys must be clothed and cared for with as much pride and love as a girl." She never held the common idea, "Anything is good enough for a boy."

After some of the art students had returned home, John stayed on in France another year as they both felt it was best to make the best of such an expensive trip. After John's return from France and when his work in the Salt Lake Temple was finished the family moved from Payson to Provo where the oldest son had already been in the B. Y. U. for two years.

Here the last son, Avard, was born. When he was about six or eight months old his mother was carrying him in one arm and a lamp in the other when she caught her toe on the door step and fell. In her efforts to save her baby from harm and the lamp from a dangerous explosion, she hurt her back in such a way that it caused her much suffering, and eventually caused her death. The doctors could not help her and she grew worse and worse until she was little more than a shadow of her former self. Before her death she often told her husband that should she die first she wished him to marry again and to not choose someone else's wife, (widow) but to select one who would be his own here and hereafter.

After thirty-five years this splendid family still lives a monument to the mother who has passed on. The daughter, Mrs. Nettie Yates, is a

girl any mother might be proud to spend her life in rearing. The sons are clean, honest, honorable men of character, all having gone on in their search for education as their parents helped them begin. John Leo and Avard are artists of note along with their father. All the family are artistic and talented. Two sons have filled missions.

Can any one measure the good accomplished by such a mother?

Living in Memories

By LaVon Spencer

TELL me, Grandma, what you keep looking at the fire for and are so still and sad. You haven't spoken a word for over an hour, but have just sat watching the flames crackle in the fireplace. Aren't you feeling well?"

As these words from my little granddaughter met my ears I quickly brought myself back from the land of memory to look into her wide, curious eyes and answer with a gentle smile.

"No my dear, it isn't that I'm not feeling well. Grandma was just playing over some old, old records on her memorygraph. Do you know that you have a memorygraph all your own? You haven't many records to play on yours as yet but when you grow to be an old lady like I am, you will have a great many priceless records stored away and you will love to play them over and over especially when you get so you can't get out and enjoy yourself."

"Where do you get the records, Grandma?"

"Just by living your life through, my dear. Some of the most beautiful records are made by just living naturally with a happy smile on your face, and the utmost faith that life is just what you make it."

"Play me some of your records—some of the prettiest ones."

FOR two fast flying hours I played my favorite records to her. Some of them were "School Days", "Pals", "The Old Home", "Mother", "Sweethearts", and all the things we naturally hold closest to our hearts and love to dream about.

As I looked into her young and innocent face I could not help wishing that I had taken more of the opportunities that had come my way so that I would have had a larger supply of beautiful memories upon which I might ponder now that my years are but few to live.

If young people could be made to understand that someday they will have plenty of time to think of all the acts and deeds they do in their lifetime they would be more willing to help, more happy in their companionships, and would surely take better advantage of the opportunities that come their way. Young people fail to appreciate the glorious privilege of living. They are too occupied with the worries and vexations of living today to think of building up memories for tomorrow. When they get to be old like I am they are wise enough to see these things.

The Old Willow Tree

By Josephine B. Strange

SINCE the memory of the oldest inhabitant, the old willow tree had stood by the side of the little rushing river, dipping its branches in the sparkling water. The people of the little hamlet near by had learned to love the old landmark which sheltered them so often from the heat of the day, and at eventide the old men sat beneath its boughs, and talked over the affairs of the day. Lovers had plighted their troth there, well shrouded from the ever curious by the almost tender embrace of its branches. Little children loved to play in the shade of the old tree; little girls bringing their dolls, and boys daringly swinging out over the little river clinging to its branches. Sorrows were sobbed out in its sympathetic arms; in fact, the life of the old tree was closely interwoven with the life of the little village. It had shared the joys and sorrows of young and old.

One old man in particular, dearly loved to come and commune with the old tree. A lonely old fellow was Silas Moore, for although he had lived in the village for many years, he had never become one of the people. There was something mysterious about him, they thought; and one by one little whispered stories crept about, started by the weird imagination of an idle mind, until he was shunned even by the little children, whose love he longed to share, so when the annual community picnic was held, he was about the only one in the village who did not join in the general excitement of the event.

THE picnic was held in the grove, at the entrance of which stood the old willow tree, assuming almost a motherly air towards them all. Near by was a stately elm, but for some reason it did not inspire the affectionate regard of the people, as did the gnarled old willow.

Such a happy day it was, long to be remembered by all. The children played games and joyously scampered about; many of them choosing the shade of their old friend, the willow, for their play, swinging on its branches, climbing in its boughs, and the little girls playing house in the shelter.

Poor old Silas Moore, attracted by the happiness and general good cheer, wandered alone on the outskirts of the little grove. Some of the more kindly softened by their own happiness, offered him food, but no one offered him the love for which he hungered. The children saw him and nudged each other, whispering tales about him. Wandering aimlessly about, he spied a little golden curl hanging in the bushes. Some mischievous boy had snipped the lock from Violet Grey's mass of curls, and the old fellow eagerly picked it up and fondled it. "Such a pretty curl," he thought, so suggestive of love and innocence. What memories did it arouse, that he should wipe the tears from his tired old eyes?

* * * *

DAYS of happiness glide quickly, and the time for gathering up the things and preparing to go home, came all too soon. They were all ready to start home, when Violet Grey was missed. It seemed only a short time ago that she was there playing, but she could not be found.

They all searched wildly. They thought of the river, but the children had all been playing by the river, and she could not be there. She did not answer to their calls, and sound travels far in a quiet little village. "Yes," and where was old Silas Moore?" cried the children in terror. He had been seen wandering about, and they bet he knew where she was. He was always trying to talk to her, and once he had almost put his hand on the little golden head, but she had run from him in fear. So the excitement ran high, the older ones finally sharing in the fear and condemnation of the old man. They started a search for him, and sure enough they found him sitting by the river gazing away in the distance, and in his hand he held a little golden curl. Evidence enough; he knew where Violet was. Reason fled and they dragged the poor bewildered old fellow back to the tree where Violet was last seen.

Not knowing what the excitement was about, and dumb from fear, he answered nothing in reply to all of their questions and threats, but the tears ran freely down his withered cheeks when he heard that the little girl had disappeared. There was no use for him to deny it, the little curl had condemned him. Then the old tree, swaying at first gently in the light breeze, seemed to be trying to soothe the fury of the people; then joining in the intense excitement of the crowd, the old tree twisted and lashed by the sudden storm which arose, in a last brave effort to guard and protect them all, split asunder, and there securely sheltered in a deep hollow, slept little Violet. Climbing in the branches, she had gently slid into its motherly bosom, and tired from play and soothed by the lullaby of the little zephyrs playing in its branches, she had fallen into a peaceful sleep. Frightened at first by the rude awakening, she started to cry, but seeing the poor old man weeping, she ran to him and patted his withered cheeks and dried his tears.

Upon examination, the old tree was found to be entirely hollow, and as like a mother she had cradled little Violet in sleep, so like a mother made desperate in danger, the old tree that had mothered them all, tore itself asunder to save them, and from that day *love* came into the life of the old man, and the whole community was made sweeter and more gentle and generous by the seeming sacrifice of the old Willow Tree.

My Forget-Me-Not

(A Household Hint)

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

FOR weeks I have been going to mend John's golf sweater, and fix the cuff on his work trousers. But, (there's always a 'but') I never seem to remember until he wants to wear them. There they hang, still waiting to be mended.

Then, there is the corner of oil cloth on the bathroom wall that needs to be stuck down, and a chip out of that vase that must be glued. Speaking of gluing, there's the page that Junior tore out of the Forsyte Saga, I must not forget to mend that.

Thinking of forgetting reminds me that I must buy a new tapemeasure next time I go to town. Yes, and I must not forget a strainer, some sewing machine needles, and some laces for Sally's shoes. Oh, I didn't make that phone call, yesterday. How could I have forgotten? What will they think of me?

As I iron, a dozen thoughts race through my mind: things I must remember to do today, this week, this month; a good menu; something I must remember to tell my husband; a good thought on the lesson I am preparing. BUT, and there's that 'but' again, thinking of all this while I iron, does not mean that I will remember again just when I should.

Out of these tangled thoughts an idea came to me, not a new idea, nothing startling, just a good practical idea. Why not catch those flitting thoughts before they are lost in the limbo of forgetfulness? So, I bought a small note book, and tied a short, sharp pencil to it, and I keep "Forget-me-not" right in my pocket, or my purse if I am away from home. Now, when a thought comes, which I want to remember, I write it down where it can not stray away.

During the day, when I have a moment to sit down and organize my work, I tabulate these random thoughts under general headings: today, this week, shopping, phone calls, and so on. You have no idea, until you try it, just how much satisfaction you can find in checking off each task as it is accomplished. I find that I am actually getting most of those elusive jobs done. Now, I can go to sleep at night without dreaming that John's pants are chasing me down town crying to be mended; knowing that when he goes for his sweater in the morning, he will find it ready to wear.

P. S.—

If your husband is anything like mine, and nine chances out of ten he is on this one point, he hates to be repeatedly reminded of the many little jobs expected of the man of the house. Why not have a "Forget-me-not" for him? But, (here's the most important 'but' of all) don't discourage him by listing such an array of jobs that his enthusiasm is killed before it is born. Make his "Forget-me-not" as inoffensive as the flower for which it is named.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AUGUST.- Nothing like a good book and a shady nook to drive dull care away.

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD'S new novel, "A Good Man's Love" is a delightful satire on the marriage market.

MRS. FRANCES WINWAR GUBANIERS' "Poor Splendid Wings" a biographical narrative of the Rossettis and their contemporaries of Victorian England won *The Atlantic* prize of $5,000 for the best non-fiction book of the year.

REBECCA WERT'S "St. Augustine" is one of the most popular of recent biographies.

MARY JOHNSTON'S new novel, "Miss Delicia Allen" is another charming story of Civil War days.

MINISTER RUTH BRYAN OWEN has adopted a very mannish attire for office and street wear.

THE favorite gowns at the fashion show at the Chicago exposition were made of sheer linen and filmy Swiss.

PRINCESS INGRID, of Sweden, made a great hit in "A Queen for a day," a play given for charity. She was charming in a gown which belonged to her ancestor, Josephine Beauhornais, granddaughter of the Empress Josephine.

MLLE. SANDRA RATTI, Italian movie star, had the consent of her uncle Pope Pius to go on the stage providing she assumed a stage name.

DR. MARY E. WOOLLEY has been elected chairman of the department of international justice and good will of the Federal Council of Churches in America.

EDWINA BOOTH, heroine of "Trader Horn" who is seriously ill from exposure to an African sun is a Salt Lake girl.

BILLIE BURK in promoting and presenting the Ziegfeld Follies has entered a new venture for women.

RACHEL CROTHERS' new play, "When Ladies Meet" was a brilliant success when presented in London.

MISS CELESTE JEDEL was an interesting figure at the London economic conference. She is legal advisor to Prof. Raymond Moley.

SECRETARY FRANCES PERKINS has been awarded the degree of doctor of laws of Goucher College, Baltimore.

ALAMEDA DAY McCLELLAN, Utah's oldest mother, died this summer. She was 101 years old and left a posterity of 439.

THE Church of Scotland in general assembly gave qualified approval to the admission of women to church offices, removing sex barriers so far as elderships are concerned.

MRS. EVALYN WALSH McLEAN, former owner of the Washington Post, is offering for sale the famous Hope diamond worth $250,000 in order to start another newspaper in Washington for her sons.

MRS. LOUISE Y. ROBISON presided at one of the important sessions of the Woman's Congress held in Chicago and was otherwise signally honored.

MRS. FLORENCE G. GREEN, artist and editor, has had a portrait selected for exhibition at the World's Fair.

FLEECY WHITE CLOUDS AND FLEECY WHITE SHEEP

Joy in the Beautiful

By Jeanette W. Beers

SOME find joy in service; joy in religion; or joy in friendship, while others find it in attainment, knowledge or truth. I wish to help you find joy in the beautiful. Beauty is so near us that very often we pass it by without recognition.

Most fortunately my bedroom has an east front with three large windows. Each night I raise high the window shades that I may see clearly in the early morn that most beautiful, soft, crimson glow as the new day blushes at its dawning. The birds in their love cooing, sing so sweetly their welcome to the newborn morning. Could there be a more beautiful setting than to watch the sun rise and spread its glorious rays over our earth that is just budding into new life? This picture just thrills my soul with gratitude to my Heavenly Father for his many blessings to us.

Our eyes are often blind and our souls are not attuned to the thousands of beautiful things God has given us. Is there not beauty in the spoken word, or in a smile enlightening the countenance; in children's laughter or in a mother's tears? Think of the many beauties nature gives to us,—the flowers, the trees, a glorious sunset, a babbling brook, the verdure of spring, the vast whiteness of newly fallen snow. Does not a crystal clear lake surrounded by wooded hills fill you with joy and faith in your Creator? Did you ever see beauty in a storm, when the flowers lifted their heads to quaff the moisture sent from heaven, and a glorious rainbow appeared on the horizon to remind us of God's promise?

I have seen beauty in a happy home where peace and harmony reign. I have found joy in a beautiful friendship, in a splendid character, in music, a fine picture or a good book. There is beauty in the tiniest, most insignificant thing around us.

An incident in the life of Alice Freeman Palmer, gives us the key to happiness.

"One July morning I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot, even in the country, and what in the city! When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one, and there were a few to spare. 'Now,' I said, 'what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?' 'Talk about life,' said one girl. Imagine! 'I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time,' I said.

"Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee, 'Tell us how to be happy.' The tears rushed to my eyes, and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which, no doubt, she lived; perhaps dirty and foul-smelling! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the word and echoed, 'Yes, tell us how to be happy.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a

single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day.' So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of a poem, or a Bible verse. Do you understand?' I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes, jumped up from the corner of the room and cried, 'I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad enough to remember if we went blind.' 'That's it exactly,' I said. 'Something you would like to remember if you went blind.' And they all promised that they would, and not skip a single day.

" 'The second rule is; Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud—you can all find something. Isn't there a park somewhere near here that you can all walk to?' (Yes, there was one.) 'And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, "Isn't it beautiful." Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness all through. Can you do it?' They promised to a girl.

" 'My third rule is—now, mind, don't skip a day.—Do something for somebody every day.' 'Oh, that's easy!' they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, 'Oh, that's easy! Don't we have to tend babies and run errands every day, and isn't that doing something for somebody?' 'Yes,' I answered them, 'it is.'

"At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said, 'I done it!' 'Did what!' I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. Now I will admit that it was awfully stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away, and I actually did not know what she was talking about. 'What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither,' replied the child in a rather hurt tone. 'Oh,' I said, 'now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it.' So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

" 'Well,' she said, 'I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day, it rained and rained, and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window 'most cryin', and I saw'—her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—'I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was handsome!' It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

" 'And then, there was another day,' she went on, 'and I thought I should have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick, and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when'—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face—'I saw the baby's hair!' 'Saw the baby's hair!' I echoed. 'Yes, a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more.' And catching up the baby

from the sidewalk, she said, 'See!' and I, too, saw the baby's hair. 'Isn't it beautiful?' she asked. 'Yes, it is beautiful,' I answered. You have heard of artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair, there were the browns, the reds, the golds, which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. 'Now, shall we go on?' I said, taking the heavy baby from her.

"The room was literally packed this time; ten times as many girls and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I wish you could have listened with me to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so commingled that I don't know which had the mastery."

We, too, may cultivate happiness if we only look for the beauty around us, in our surroundings, in our friendships and in our work. There is beauty in all things! "Seek and ye shall find," for "Man is that he might have joy."

Arch Nullifiers of the Constitution

Message to the Anti-Saloon League Convention From Bishop W. N. Ainsworth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South

CIVILIZATION cannot get away from the fact that science puts opium, cocaine, and beverage alcohol in the same category as narcotic, habit-forming, health-destroying drugs. Enlightened government must protect society from their ravages.

The state has no right to maintain itself by the debauchery of its people. To the American mind it is pagan for China to raise revenue by license of opium and Japan to support government by the proceeds of prostitution; it is hardly less pagan for America to balance her national budget by a tax on a criminal, anti-social liquor traffic. The responsible men that dare to do it may make exciting whoopee in the delirium of a momentary triumph; it will not last long.

Sunday Evening Porch Suppers

By Lucy Rose Middleton

FREQUENTLY too much time and thought are spent in preparing the Sunday dinner. In many homes this meal is planned and served with more style and formality than any other. The responsibility and work, of course, fall chiefly on the mother. Instead of being able to relax with the rest of the household, her tasks are greatly increased. There is always the alternative of "eating out," but we all know how dear to the masculine heart is the pleasure of having the Sunday meal at home.

During summer, the cooking of hot meals becomes a withering task. At this time the customary Sunday-dinner may well be replaced by an occasional porch supper. Formality may be dropped and the preparing and serving shared by all.

Another advantage of this type of meal is its elasticity in accommodating unexpected guests. Many a supper planned for five or six has easily served ten or eleven. Buffet service, in which the guests serve themselves, is the best to adopt. A long narrow table covered with a white linen cloth is ideal. Plan the food so that it will go on the plate without crowding. Avoid very moist foods, as they are hard to manage and are likely to spoil the appearance of the plate.

Two courses are usually served, a main course and a dessert. The main course generally consists of a substantial salad (such as chicken), sandwiches, cold meats or some hot dish. A beverage may also be included in this course. Short cake, a gelatin dessert or pastries are suitable for the second course. An appetizer (such as tomato juice well seasoned), relishes, cheese and deviled eggs, are optional additions.

Tomato Juice Cocktail

2 cups tomatoes, raw or canned
½ cup water
Celery tops
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons sugar
3 cloves
5 drops Tabasco sauce
⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Combnie all ingredients except the lemon juice and boil slowly for twenty minutes. Press through a sieve, forcing through as much pulp as possible. Add lemon juice and chill thoroughly. Serve very cold. This may be kept in a screw tight jar for several days.

Strawberry Cocktail

Strawberries
Pineapple cubes
Powdered sugar
Lemon juice

Wash berries and cut in halves, reserving a few of the finest to use as a garnish. Mix with pineapple, sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Chill and serve in cocktail dishes.

A Salad Platter

Place diagonally in the center of a large platter two cucumbers that have been sliced very thin and left in their original shape. Around these put a row of sliced tomatoes; overlap the slices so that they form a neat oval of bright red. Next come sections of lettuce that have been cut

in wedgelike pieces from the head, as the sections of an orange. Arrange these sections on the long side of the platter. Decorate the platter with rosebud radishes and dill pickles cut in fan-shape pieces.

A bowl of French dressing and one of mayonnaise, should be placed by the salad platter to permit a choice of dressing for the salad.

Thin slices of cold lamb go well with this salad.

Chicken Salad

3 cups diced, cooked chicken
1 cup fresh cooked peas
3 hard cooked eggs, diced
4 small sweet pickles, chopped
1 teaspoon onion, chopped fine
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
1 cup diced celery

Put all ingredients together and mix with mild boiled dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaf. A few whole pecans may be added if desired.

Date and Nut Bread

1 cup dates
½ cup nuts
1 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon soda
2 cups bread flour
1 egg
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Wash, stone, and cut dates in small pieces. Pour the boiling water over the dates, salt, sugar, butter, and soda. Sift baking powder with flour and add all at once to the date mixture. Cool. Add beaten egg, vanilla and nuts. (This mixture is rather thin and a light color. When baked it is very dark brown.) Pour into a loaf tin and bake 1 hour at 350 degrees Fah.

Fruit Punch

1 pint grape juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup orange juice
1 cup fresh pineapple pulp with juice
¾ cup sugar
Grated rind of 1 orange
4 sprigs fresh mint
Few gratings nutmeg
Crushed ice
1 quart water
Grated rind of 1 lemon

Mix all ingredients together except the cream and let stand in the ice box until thoroughly chilled. Pour over cracked ice and serve in tall glasses. (Whipped cream may be served on top if desired.) Garnish with mint leaves.

Orange Cakelets

4 eggs
1 cup sugar
½ cup boiling water
1½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
Grated rind of ½ orange

Beat the eggs with ½ cup sugar until the mixture is very thick. Add the boiling water and the other half cup sugar and beat again. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add to the first mixture. Add the grated rind and bake in a shallow, well greased pan for twenty minutes at 375 deg. Fah.

When done allow to cool, cut in small squares, and dip in an icing made of confectioner's sugar and orange juice, then dip tops only in chopped nuts.

Notes to the Field

Our Literary Course

WE suggest that those who have the time would do well to read the following list to fit them for the Literary Work in our organization this winter:

Reading List

Text.
The Story of the World's Literature .....Macy
Matthew Arnold
Sohrab and Rustum.
Tennyson
Ulysses
The Princess
Shakespeare
Julius Caesar
The Tempest
Emerson
Self-Reliance
Compensation
Ibsen
Brand
PeerGynt
Plutarch's "Lives"
Julius Caesar
Mark Antony
Brutus
The Bible
Book of Ruth
Book of Job
Book of Proverbs
Psalms
Songs of Solomon
Sappho
Poems
Keats
Ode on a Grecian Urn
Plato
The Death of Socrates.

Eliza R. Snow Memorial Contest Announcement, 1933

The General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Two prizes are awarded—a first prize consisting of $20, and a second prize consisting of $10. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the *Relief Society Magazine*. Other poems of merit not winning special awards, receive honorable mention. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine*, and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem that it is entered in the contest.

8. The contestant guarantees the poem submitted to be her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

9. Members of the General Board, and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

10. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

11. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

12. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

13. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Relief Society Song Contest

ONE hundred and sixty-three songs have been entered in the Relief Society Song Contest. We appreciate the wide interest taken in ths activity.

Announcement of the winner will be made at the October Relief Society Conference.

Notes from the Field

Alpine Stake

"ON Tuesday, March 14, 1933, the Alpine Stake Relief Societies conjointly honored the Anniversary Day of our Relief Society organization. The officers and those in charge of the Work and Business Day in each ward under the leadership of Ivy G. Steele of the Stake Board, arranged the demonstration in the Second Ward Church. The many things made by the Alpine Stake Relief Society members were artistically assembled. At one o'clock the exhibit was open for inspection, and throngs of people came to witness the display. There were 100 quilts, beautiful in pattern and design, besides 466 articles consisting of rugs, pillowslips, breakfast and vanity sets, doilies, lamp shades, vases, boudoir and oilcloth pillows, etc. There was also a wonderful display of made-over clothing, coats, dresses, etc. Another feature that attracted attention was the relic department. One of the quilts on exhibition was made in the home of Thomas Jefferson, 130 years ago, and had been handed down from mother to daughter. There were also other beautiful quilts in this department besides pieces of furniture of long ago, handwork brought from England by pioneers, cloth brought from India in 1826, baby dresses of years ago—one 69 years old, in which the mother of President James H. Clarke was christened. An exhibit which created great interest was the work of our boys and girls in the State Training School:

131 articles of beauty, which spoke well for the school and showed very careful training.

"At 2 p. m., over 300 gathered in the auditorium, and enjoyed a program under the direction of Maud D. Christensen, president of the Alpine Stake Relief Society. The major part of the program was impersonations made of those called to preside over our Relief Society organization from its beginning to the present time."

Granite Stake:

GRANITE Stake Relief Society anniversary party was one long to be remembered by those fortunate enough to be in attendance. As one entered the chapel the soft strains of music from the organ were heard. An exact replica of the March *Relief Society Magazine* cover—a large cake with lighted candles—met the eye. A sister dressed to represent a woman of the first Relief Society and another the Relief Society of the present day, presented each one with programs in blue and gold, also replicas of the March *Magazine*. Former Stake President Frank Y. Taylor offered the invocation. The Relief Society chorus rendered two beautiful selections, "Spring Time," and "Moonbeams." Out of the silence after the music, came a radio message announcing "Memories." See page 466. There was no loud speaker visible, and it seemed as if the walls were whispering the message of the first organization. "Memories" was written and presented by stake board members with the assistance of members of the Priesthood in the parts where men were needed. The radio program required only about thirty minuts. President Louise Y. Robison was in attendance and gave an address of encouragement and appreciation for Relief Society. Stake President Hugh B. Brown expressed his sincere appreciation of the work of the Relief Society.

At the conclusion of this service each ward participated in a grand march. Each of the ten wards presented something significant of its name, for example, five of the wards named for illustrious men were represented by men dressed to represent these men—Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln Ward; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Emerson Ward; Parley P. Pratt, Parley's Ward; Nathaniel Hawthorne, Hawthorne Ward. Willard Richards (in person), Richards Ward; Costumed Scotch Highlanders, Highland Park Ward; Trees to represent a forest, Forest Dale Ward; Nibley Park Golf Links, Nibley Park Ward; a reproduction of Sugar House Chapel in sugar, Sugar House Ward; headbands with Wasatch mountains painted on them, Wasatch Ward.

In the amusement hall social dancing was engaged in, and during the evening groups of two hundred at a time were served refreshments in the banquet hall. Ten round tables formed a semi-circle in the end of spacious banquet hall. Each of the ten tables represented a separate color scheme which blended together presented a picture bringing out every rainbow hue. Each of the ten wards had charge of a table representing the several departments of the Relief Society work. Refreshments were served from these various tables. At the first table, depicting the "Magazine" by Wasatch Ward, each one was presented with a program containing the menu —The Necessities, Plate and Napkin, Visiting Teachers; Richards Ward, Theology, Bread of Life—bread and butter; Lincoln Ward; Substantial Service, Salad, Social Service; Parley's Ward, Poetry of

Life, cookies, literature; Emerson Ward, Vitamines A, B, and C., Cheese Dainties, Sunshine; Nibley Park Ward, Fountain of Youth, Water, Music; Hawthorne Ward, chips off the old block, potato chips; Forest Dale Ward, Quilts; the olive branch of peace, olives and pickles; Highland Park Ward, sewing, Sweets from Home Sweet Home, Candy; Sugar House Ward, Art.

Liberty Stake:

IT is always delightful to find stake and ward officers who, in addition to putting over successfully the regular work outlined, find it possible to develop unique and original projects. In Liberty Stake each month a special song is featured which fits a talk given in the Union Meeting. We are publishing the following suggestive program, as we feel that it may be quite helpful to other stakes who are desirous of following such a plan.* *Aim for* 1932-33:

"Joy is the beginning of Wisdom."

Topics for Union Meeting and which were enlarged on in the Wards are:

Sept.—"Joy of Learning."

Song—"Improve the Shining Moments."

Words and music were written by R. B. Baird.

Oct.—"Joy of Adversity."

Song—"Come, Come Ye Saints."

Words were written by William Clayton.

In the journey over the plains, trials were many, sometimes almost more than human strength could bear. It required skilled leadership as well as implicit faith to cope with situations that would arise. At Locas Creek, Iowa, food was scarce and the travelers were becoming discouraged. Brigham Young feeling anxious, asked William Clayton to write a hymn for the Saints to sing around the camp fire, to buoy them up and help them to forget their troubles. Clayton went to his wagon and in two hours returned with the Hymn, "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

Nov.—"Joy of Appreciation."

Song—"Count Your Many Blessings."

Words were written by Rev. J. Oatman, Jr., the music by E. O. Excell.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr., a Methodist minister who lived in New Jersey, was born in 1856. He wrote five thousand hymns,—more than any other writer in the "Gospel Song Book." He died in 1930.

E. O. Excell was born in Pennsylvania in 1851. When he was twenty years of age he married and moved to the Pacific Coast where he worked as a brick mason, but studied music in his spare hours. He had a way of singing about his work and had a remarkable voice of natural range and power. One day Sam Jones, the evangelist, happened to hear him singing at his work, and was so attracted by his voice that he engaged him as chorister of his church and they worked together for twenty years. He was a man of great sympathy and courtesy and it was said of him that he had never been known to lose his temper before an audience. He had a kind smile and a true faith in God. He died in 1921.

Dec.—"Joy in Art of Reaching Out."

Song—"Have I Done Any Good in the World Today?"

Words and music were written by Will L. Thompson.

Will L. Thompson was a choir leader, whose home and birthplace

*On page 491 is one of the talks given in this series.

was in East Liverpool, Ohio. He was born in 1849 and died in 1911.

Jan.—"Joy of New Resolve."

Song—"Come Let Us Anew."

Written by Charles Wesley.

Charles Wesley was born Dec. 18, 1707, in Epworth, England. He was the eighteenth child of the family and was a younger brother of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church.

He was a plucky boy and lived a spotless life. Poetry was like another sense to Charles, and he was busy writing verse from his conversion up to his death-bed when he dictated to his wife his last lines. He wrote sixty-five hundred hymns and he is said to have been the greatest hymn writer of all ages. His song "Come Let Us Anew" has been sung for more than one hundred fifty years in the different churches. He died in London, Mar. 29, 1788.

Feb.—"Joy of Idealism."

Song—"Oh Say, What Is Truth?"

Words were written by John Jaques.

John Jaques was born in 1827 in England. He joined the Church when he was twenty-one years old and came to Utah in 1856. He crossed the plains with the Handcart Company that suffered so much in the snow storms on the mountains when so many emigrants lost their lives. His oldest daughter died and his oldest son was born while crossing the plains. He wrote several books and pamphlets dealing with the Gospel, and he also wrote several hymns, among which we find, "O Say, What Is Truth?" He held many important positions and was appointed Assistant Church Historian in 1889, which position he held until his death, June 1, 1900.

Mar.—"Joy of Neighborliness."

Song—"If There's Sunshine In Your Heart."

Words were written by Helen Dungan, the music by J. M. Dungan.

Apr.—"Joy in the Beautiful."

Song—"The World is Full of Beauty."

Words were written by Mrs. M. W. Hackleton, the music by George Careless.

George Careless was born in London, England. He was baptized when he was eleven years of age, and came to Utah when he was twenty-five.

He was called upon in his young manhood by Pres. Brigham Young to lay the foundation for good music in Utah. He was an early director of the Tabernacle Choir and a pioneer director of the old Salt Lake Theatre orchestra.

His hymns, of which there are sixty-two in our present hymn book, constitute our most beautiful contributions to church music, while he, himself, brought choral music to its highest mark in our history. He ranked chief among our local composers, and was known as the dean of Mormon musicians.

He lived to be ninety-three years of age, passing away Dec. 16, 1932. He will long be held in loving memory by his people, and generations yet unborn will know him through his music.

May—"Joy of Openmindedness."

Song—"Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses."

Words were written by Eliza R. Snow, the music by Charles D. Tillman of Lyerly, Georgia, who wrote it about 1880.

Eliza Roxey Snow, the second president of the Relief Society, was born Jan. 21, 1804, in Mass. She was baptized, April 5, 1835, and soon after with her father's family, moved to Kirtland, Ohio, the gathering place of the Saints. There she boarded with the family of the

prophet, and taught a select school for young ladies.

Her writings, ever full of the testimony of the truth, have been of inestimable worth in promoting the interests of the gospel wherever it has been preached.

When the Prophet Joseph organized the Relief Society at Nauvoo, on the 17th of March, 1842, Sister Eliza R. Snow was chosen as its first secretary. She came to Utah in 1849, and in 1866 became president of the Relief Society of the Church, which position she held for twenty-one years resigning a few months before her death which occurred, Dec. 5, 1887.

Nebo Stake.

"DURING the entire month of January and the first half of February, an attendance campaign was conducted in Nebo Stake which was very successful in spite of the extremely cold weather of that period. The campaign ended with a Valentine party on February 14, in each of the nine wards of the stake. Every sister over sixty years of age residing in a ward was an honored guest, also the visiting teachers who had the best attendance of members from her district during the six preceding weeks. A dainty gift was presented to each guest of honor and well planned programs and refreshments were enjoyed. A stake board member visited each social, and the success of the project as it was reported far exceeded the expectation. The attendance in the nine wards was 715 on that day, or more than 100% of the total enrollment. As all of the parties were so thoroughly enjoyed, the tendency was to revive interest over the entire stake and the result will be for much good."

RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN BRAVING SNOW TO ATTEND THEIR MEETING

Rigby Stake.

THE above picture is from Irwin, Idaho, and tells its own story. It is a group of courageous Relief Society women, who brave three and four feet of snow, traveling on hay-racks, horseback or in any way to reach the Relief Society meeting place. They report a most enthusiastic organization, enjoy the *Magazine* very much, and are fully imbued with the real spirit of Relief Society.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XX AUGUST, 1933 No. 8

EDITORIAL

Vacation

FIT, square and polish thyself for the builders will have need of thee."

For most people July and August sees a cessation of many of the activities that usually occupy attention during the other ten months of the year. The summer vacation offers an opportunity for change, rest, travel, reading and other leisure time pursuits. This lull gives a period when one may fit, square and polish herself for the activities that will await her doing after the pause in the routine has passed and the regular activities are resumed.

Some need complete rest so strenuous has been their life. Some need only a change to feel rejuvenated. All should get out in the sunshine and let nature rebuild their worn tissues and restore their depleted energy. Fortunate are they who have an outdoor hobby, a garden, golf, tennis or a walking urge. Some are hungry for intellectual food and will find complete enjoyment under a tree, on a shady porch or by a canyon stream reading a loved book.

Many of our members at this time read books that will bear on the Relief Society lessons for next season. They will be sources of inspiration because of the background they have for the lesson work. An enriched mind gives new vision and an added charm.

Some take summer courses at colleges or universities and find life fuller of interest because of the development received during even this short period of study. The University of Idaho has for years given most delightful summer camps where women assemble from far and near for an enjoyable period of

rest, recreation, and educational uplift.

Calls are constantly sounding. Only those who steadily and persistently think, study and safe guard their health are ready. Through physical and mental change one stores energy that will give added grace to the work that will later demand attention.

It is a lovely thing for people during this period of relaxation to realize that resting and playing will fit them for their future activities. Ever before them should be the thought, I must fit, square and polish myself for the builder will have need of me.

IN the rush and multiplicity of things that demand our attention we are losing many of the values that a previous generation enjoyed. They had time to be more neighborly than do we. They enjoyed more home recreation—they had to make their own pleasures. They enjoyed more hours of friendly contact. Part of our vacation could profitably be spent in strengthening the ties of friendship, enjoying hours of comradeship with our friends of former years. A friend of mine sets aside an afternoon a week that she devotes to visiting old friends especially those who are ill or in any kind of trouble. "Most luxuries we purchase with money. Fellowship is one of the luxuries we can purchase only with time. Should we not use a generous portion of it for that purpose?"

Angels and Amazons

An Epic of American Womanhood

AN outstanding book of the year is "Angels and Amazons," by Inez Haynes Irwin, a well known writer of novels who has been a leader among organized women for years. It is gotten out by The National Council of Women and is a comprehensive work "on the most important movement in modern history." It is the Woman's Book of the Year.

The book is well written and in a dramatic way recites the history of the rise of the American woman. It portrays her evolution from the time "when she was mortgaged from birth to housekeeping and childbearing" to her present status and points what the future should bring. It tells of those who were pioneers in the professions, in public life, in teaching, in the arts, in the business world.

Mrs. Irwin not only points out the achievements won by the struggle of intrepid women—equal suffrage and prohibition being two of the social changes wrought in this evolution, but she also shows the mental changes that have taken place in the brains of the American people due to feminine influence. With the skill of an experienced writer she "paints a realistic picture of the new place of women in a new and fast changing world."

The book contains over 500 pages of text, an excellent index that places names, dates, facts, ready for immediate use and also an appendix that lists and classifies women's organizations. The book may be secured from "The National Council of Women of the United States, Inc., 4 Park Avenue, New York City. Price $2.50.

More Room at Headquarters

WE are glad to tell our readers that we now have more room at our Genearl Headquarters. The Socal Welfare Department has been moved from the Bishop's Building to the Y Building where fine offices have been provided. The Burial Clothes Department has more room than heretofore so that better attention and finer service can be given its patrons. A much needed Committee Room is now available. A room has been prepared for Stake and Mission Relief Society Presidents where they may meet their friends, have their mail sent, and rest while they are in Salt Lake City.

We deeply appreciate the courtesy the Church has extended in giving us adequate room for our needs.

Hiking With My Son

By Ada Hurst Brown

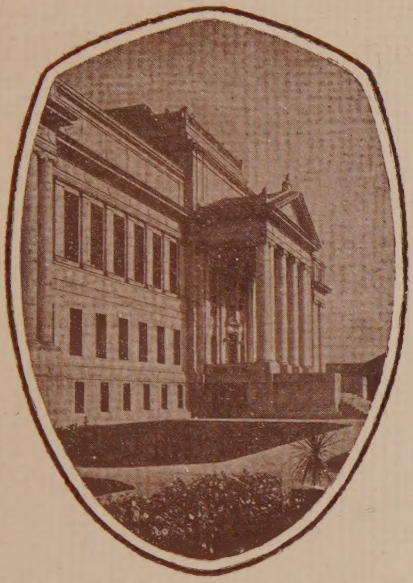
There's a ten-year-old enthusiasm shining in his eyes,
As we climb the winding trail that scales our mountain paradise;
Around and underneath us growing life has just begun—
It's *spring* up in the mountains, and I'm hiking with my son.

With a knapsack on his back and a crude staff in his hand,
He's prancing like the leader of a dress-parading band
Through a bed of giant larkspurs— a blue battalion;
It's *summer* in the mountains, and I'm hiking with my son.

The slopes are brilliant color, red and yellow, emerald green,
The sky is glowing azure—nothing somber mars the scene.
There's a riot 'mong the maples; how their colors blaze and run!
It's *autumn* in the mountains, and I'm hiking with my son.

The pines are muffled whiteness, and we're both a little awed,
The altitude and silence bring us mighty near to God;
We draw a little closer as we trail on one by one—
It's *winter* in the mountains, and I'm hiking with my son.

The University of Utah



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